

**BATTLE AT  
VERA CRUZ.****Carrazza is Forced  
to Fall Back.****Chief of the Revolution  
Dangers of Capture  
by Villa.****Troops are Defeated  
Heavy Losses at  
Apizaco.****Executions Daily in  
City During Reign  
of Anarchy.****Carrazza is Forced  
to Fall Back.****Carrazza is Forced  
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to Fall Back.****Carrazza is Forced  
to Fall Back.****Carrazza is Forced  
to Fall Back.****Carrazza is Forced  
to Fall Back.****BLOOD TELLS  
IN THIS WAR.****Descendant of Joan of Arc  
Famously Praised as a  
Warrior.**

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND DIRECT  
WIRE-EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)  
PARIS, Dec. 25.—Among officers mentioned in dispatches from the front is Maj. Haldé de Lys, a descendant of the family to which Joan of Arc belonged. He commanded a battalion of the One Hundred and Sixty-second Infantry Regiment with the greatest bravery and utter disdain of danger from October 18 to November 9. He is recorded in the official journal as an officer of the greatest value.

**ELECTION CONTEST  
IN CONNECTICUT.****DEMOCRAT CHARGES IMPROPER  
USE OF MONEY DURING THE  
LAST CAMPAIGN.**

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)  
NORWALK (Ct.) Dec. 25.—Congressman-elect Ebenezer J. Hill received today formal notice that his opponent at the recent election, Congressman Jeremiah Donovan, has contested his election. The complaint alleges numerous violations of the election laws by A. C. Wheeler of this city, who was Mr. Hill's political agent. It charges that the statement of political expenses filed at Washington is not a complete one and many of the items in the expense account filed at Hartford are illegal. Wheeler in his dual capacity as agent for Mr. Hill and as treasurer of the Congressional Committee, paid out \$9,478.94 to aid the Hill campaign, the complaint says. This sum is declared to be in excess of the legal limitation. Private corporations in this and other States are charged with contributing to the fund and money is said to have been improperly used.

to the present session of Congress, Mr. Hill was a prominent Republican member of the Ways and Means Committee for many years. He was defeated for re-election by Mr. Donovan, Democrat, two years ago. Last month he won over Donovan by a substantial plurality.

**War on Earth.****FIGHTING  
IN SNOW.****Brief Truces to Bury  
the Dead.****Allies and Germans so Close  
Together that Rifles are  
Useless.****Britons and Belgians in Hand-  
to-hand Encounters with  
the Invaders.****Russians Resisting Violent  
Attacks All Along the  
Line in Poland.**

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
VALPARAISO, Dec. 25.—A wireless message from the Chilean torpedo gunboat *Tome* reports the British cruiser *Newcastle* cannonading fifteen miles from Valparaiso. It is supposed she has engaged the German cruiser *Dresden* and converted cruiser *Prinz Eitel Frederick*.

A British squadron and Japanese warships are known to be cruising not far from this port.

LONDON, Dec. 25, 11:30 p.m.—Christmas brought no rest to the embattled European armies. It found the Russians still fighting desperately in the snows of Poland against the fierce attacks of the German and Austrian allies; Przemysl is still in the grip of the invading army; the French making spasmodic thrusts against the long German lines of trenches in Northern and Northeastern France, and the British and Belgians engaged in almost hand-to-hand warfare against the German trenches in West-Belgium.

"In Flanders yesterday things were generally quiet," says the German bulletin. The French report speaks of intermittent artillery firing there. The French claim several successes along the center and eastern lines, while the Germans declare that they have taken the second British trenches in Belgium. Both sides assert they have repulsed attacks at various points, which indicates that the feeling process is under way all along the line.

So close are the trenches of the Germans and the allies at many points that almost the only weapons used are hand grenades, since it is impossible for the men to expose themselves even to so small a degree as would be necessary for the use of their rifles.

There have been informal truces between the British and the Germans for many weeks along the battle line the dead have lain as they fell. There are gruesome accounts of bodies held erect by the barbed wires and scouts crawling over them at night.

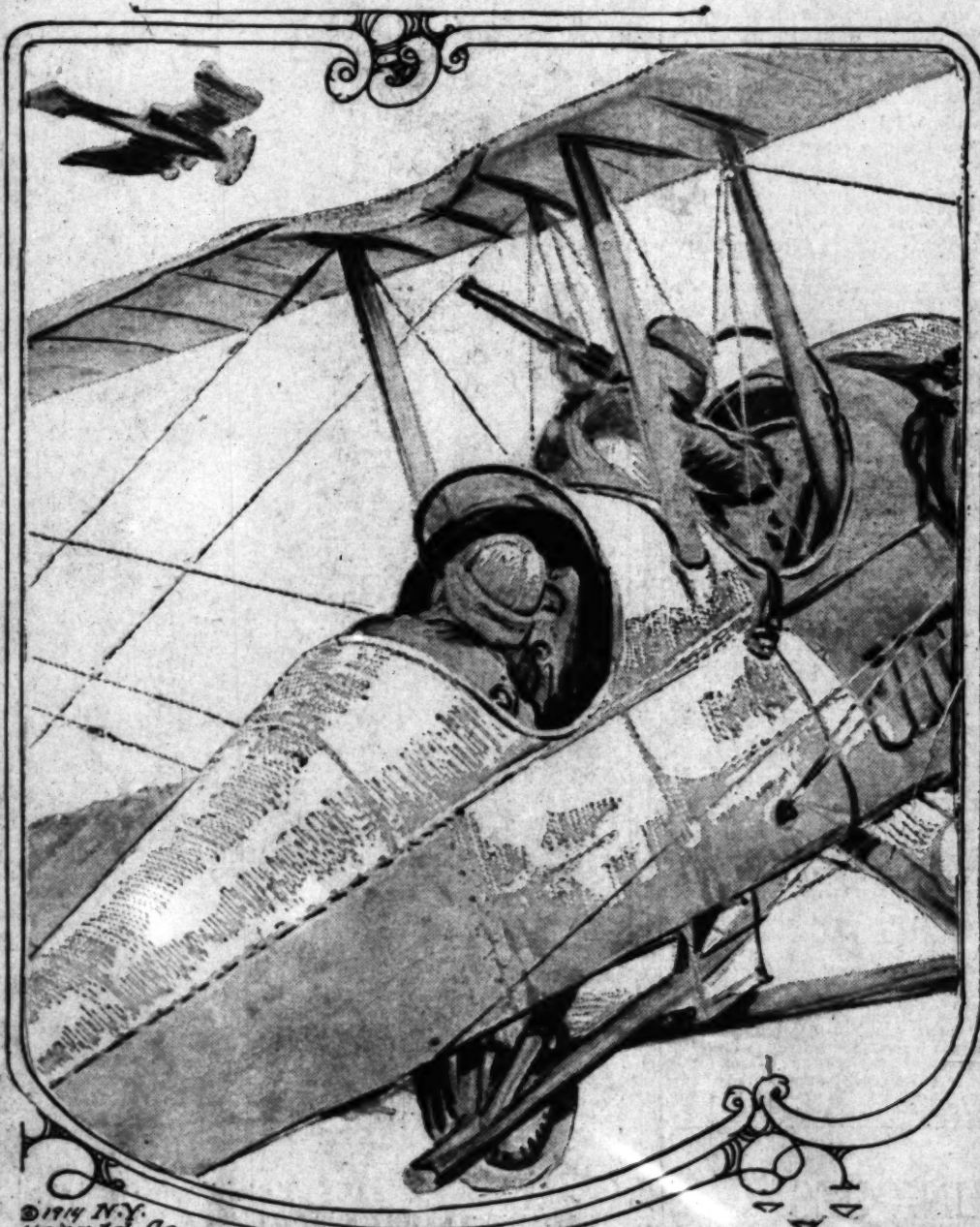
REVOLUTION IN ALBANIA.  
A violent revolution has broken out in Albania against Essad Pasha, whom Turkey established as ruler there when the Ottoman government broke into the European war. Essad Pasha's palace at Tirana has been pillaged and burned.

The Italian government has landed sailors from their warships at Avlona, the principal port of Albania, to restore order and protect Europeans and the peaceful inhabitants. Italian intervention may embolden Italy with her recent foe, Turkey, and holds possibilities of far-reaching results.

German aviators made another attempt to drop bombs on British ports today. Like the attempt against Petrograd directed to Rauter's Telegram dispatch the number of German prisoners registered is 1140 officers and 121,700 men; the number of Austrians registered is 1166 officers and 221,400 men.

The Slav prisoners have asked for Russian naturalization so that they may be sent against the Turks.

SIDKANG TULKA DEAD.  
(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
LONDON, Dec. 25.—A telegram from Calcutta announces the death of His Highness, Sidkang Tulka, Maharaja of Sikkim, in the Eastern Himalayas. He succeeded his father, the late Sir Thotab Manjyal, only a few months ago. Sidkang was the first ruler of his remote state to come into direct contact with western civilization. He spent two years at Oxford University and afterward traveled extensively with an English political officer.

**British Airmen Engage a German Aerial Invader.**

Hard at it like falcons.

Aviation.

**AERIAL BATTLE OVER SHEERNESS;  
ATTACK ON HARWICH IS FEARED.**

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

SOUTH-END-ON-SEA (England) Dec. 25 (via London, Dec. 26, 3:15 a.m.)—The spectacle of a fight in the air, witnessed on Christmas afternoon by thousands of spectators was one which ten years ago would have been considered one of the wildest imaginings of fiction.

Three aeroplanes, one a German and two British, were flying overhead at seventy miles an hour, almost a mile high in the air. The German Taube was moving more swiftly than the others, which swung above it. The British were spitting fire, while the German was unable to reply on account of the strategic position of the pursuers.

When the German first came in sight, the anti-aircraft guns fired several shots, but after the British aeroplanes gave chase it was impossible to fire without danger of hitting them.

The spectacle lasted only five minutes. The German dodged and twisted in an effort to escape but the British were on both sides pouring in rapid volleys. The speed at which the aeroplanes were traveling made the aim uncertain, but one of the British machines swooped down close to the German and pumped in several shots at close range.

Now the German returned the fire, but as far as the people on land could see no damage was done on either side.

LONDON, Dec. 25, 10:16 p.m.—The War Office issued the following tonight:  
"A hostile aeroplane was sighted today at 12:55. It was flying very high from east to west over Sheerness. British air craft went up in pursuit and engaged the enemy, who after being hit three or four times, was driven off seaward."

FEAR ATTACK ON HARWICH.

HARWICH (via London) Dec. 25, 10:05 p.m.—A possible German attack on Harwich is indicated by the following notice issued today by the Mayor of that English seaport:  
"Although an attack by the enemy on Harwich fortress is not expected at the present time and there is no special reason for anxiety among non-combatants, it is considered desirable to notify the civilian population that in the unexpected event of belligerent operations the members of the local Emergency Committee and special constables will direct everyone as to the course to be pursued. All members of the civilian population are hereby required to act strictly in accordance with such directions."

THE SHEERNESS ACCOUNT.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
SHEERNESS, Dec. 25 (via London, Dec. 26, 12:22 a.m.)—A German aeroplane was sighted off South End today. The weather was misty and the machine was flying at a great height at great speed. Several rounds were fired from anti-aircraft guns, apparently without hitting the intruder, who escaped. Many thousands of spectators flocked to the sea front to witness the affair. Later three British aeroplanes tried to outflank the German machine, but the latter was flying too fast and disappeared to the eastward. The weather was misty at sea, but comparatively clear on land. Nothing has been heard regarding the dropping of any bombs.

OVER THE MEDWAY RIVER.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
DOVER (via London) Dec. 26, 12:22 a.m.—It is reported here that a German aeroplane flying at a great height passed over the Medway River and Herne Bay today. British aeroplanes and seaplanes were out on scouting duty for many hours.

Relief.

**ITALY HAS OCCUPIED AVLONA  
TO PREVENT ALBANIAN RIOTS.**

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

ROME, Dec. 25.—Italy occupied today Avlona, the Albanian seaport. It is semi-officially announced that this action implies no purpose on the part of Italy to occupy interior points, but is merely intended to prevent anarchy on the opposite coast of the Adriatic, which is but a few hours from Italian territory.

Several districts of Albania are in a state of rebellion against any authority. Essad Pasha, the Turkish ruler, apparently having lost his hold on the people.

For some time the situation in Albania has again been grave. Several districts have rebelled altogether against any authority and have become prey to the worst form of anarchy. Conditions have been rendered more grave by famine. The scarcity of food has been brought about by the absolute isolation of Albania owing to the state of war existing on the Adriatic, while Albania is bounded by two belligerent countries, Serbia and Montenegro, which, together with Austria, have absorbed all available provisions which Albania had stored. The price of food has increased 210 per cent. and in

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

**ON VERGE  
OF REVOLT.****Wilson Fears Worst  
in Philippines.****President Demands the Facts  
About the Uprising of  
the Natives.****Failure to Fulfill Promises  
of Independence Angers  
the Filipinos.****Gov.-Gen. Harrison Applies  
Censorship on the News  
of Developments.**

(BY DIRECT WIRE-EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Dec. 25.—President Wilson has become so alarmed over conditions in the Philippines that he has called Gov.-Gen. Harrison at Manila to inquire as to the truth of the reported discovery of a plot for a Filipino uprising. The message was sent by Brig.-Gen. McIntyre, Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs at the War Department.

Although administration officials are loath to admit it, there has been a growing dissatisfaction with Democratic rule in the Philippines ever since Gov.-Gen. Harrison assumed office. Last summer a plot for an uprising was nipped in the bud, although the administration made light of it at the time, the dissatisfaction has grown so steadily that today it was decided some action must be taken.

Officials of the administration are most reluctant to admit the fact, but it is known, nevertheless, that there is a greater activity of the professional agitators in the Philippines now than at any time since the insurrection was completely quelled.

SIGNIFICANCE OF PLOTS.

The plots themselves are not taken seriously, as it is known that they represent no universal desire on the part of the mass of the Philippine people to take up arms against the United States. It is known, too, that most of this work is being done by mixed bloods, shrewd and more cunning than their fellows with a certain amount of higher education who manage to live in ease and luxury by their fomentations. Artemio Ricarte, named as the man responsible for the demonstration reported today, is one of these and for years he has maintained himself in comfort at Hongkong on contributions levied on the Filipinos in the islands in the name of the cause of liberty.

Just such an increase of agitation and fomentations of discontent among the people and clamorings for complete freedom were predicted with the installation of the Democratic administration in the Philippines, accompanied by the removal of many men experienced in the ways of the islands.

The Filipinos expected of the Democratic party, after the party's fifteen years of agitation about the Philippines, nothing short of absolute dissolution of the bond between the islands and the United States. Men familiar with the islands realized that the Democratic party in power would find it impossible to live up to what they had in the past promised in the city and predicted that as a result the Democratic administration would have much more discontent to face in the Philippines than did the Republicans in the last few years.

NATIVES DISILLUSIONED.

It is now fully realized in the Philippines that President Wilson has no intention of presenting the Philippines with freedom from the United States, with the result that the concessions which the Democrats are seeking to make in the way of a greater degree of self-government have only angered the people because they fall so far short of what had been expected.

The persistence of the reports of restlessness and revolt among the Tagalogs is occasioning considerable apprehension among army officers in Washington. Brig.-Gen. McIntyre said today that no word had been received at the War Department regarding the arrest of fifty would-be revolutionists in Manila nor of the precautions taken by the military heads of the forces in the Philippines. He announced last night that the dispatches from Manila made no reference to any disturbances present or pending.

HARRISON HOLDING BACK.

It is believed in Washington that Gov.-Gen. Harrison is holding back information for reasons of precaution. The Jones bill extending the promise of ultimate independence to the islanders and making immediate changes in the organic law of the archipelago is now pending in the Senate, having passed the House of Representatives at the last session. It is felt here that an uprising in the islands just now or continued discussion of the prospect of revolt would endanger the passage of the measure.

It is pointed out that if the movement is not serious it may be quelled without undue publicity until the regular government is ready to report all quiet again. Discussion in the case of the suppression of the trouble would, it is thought, spell trouble for the administration's present measure.

AARON KEYSER.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)  
SALT LAKE CITY (Utah) Dec. 25.—Aaron Keyser, a well-known Utah capitalist, stockman and pioneer, died last evening. He came to Utah in 1876 and was identified with many industries. Mr. Keyser was born in Belvidere, N. J., in August, 1829.







RAISED  
N BELGIUM  
Consuls  
ized.

Government  
Application Direct  
an States, Which

Members to Join in  
Move for Safety.

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and to be considered  
American Commission, com  
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study to the matter  
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church, because of  
military activity. The  
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must have these  
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insist at every  
a similar naval-building  
is provided.

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to fight for what  
a suitable squad  
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on the Pacific Coast.  
is woefully small and

California Congressmen  
in his fight for a  
the  
and naval experts are  
Secretary Daniels's scheme  
for Government.  
Dec. 25.—The  
Atlantic cable and a  
Dec. 25.—The  
German fleet  
member to the  
at the front  
which has been  
army, according  
to Hummel, from  
the dispatch, after  
against war in  
means to stop his  
on a charge of high  
considered too dangerous.

world's fairs have come  
Each has had its  
ive features. California  
big expositions are  
new and different.  
why are so graphically  
the Midwinter number  
Times, out January 1

Money.  
ere In  
musical

A Victor record brings  
life your favorite  
singer or comedian—like  
equal for gift purposes.

We are Record and  
tola Specialists—like  
assist you.

Our piano department  
complete in every part.  
From America's  
most piano, the Mason  
Hamlin, at \$600 up  
new pianos at \$225  
used ones at \$150, you  
find a most excellent

Player piano, with  
\$450 up, including  
amous Angeleno.

Special terms till Jan  
See us today.

adway  
Allen Co.

TEN-MINUTE EARTHQUAKE.  
Disturbance Over a Thousand Miles  
Away is Recorded on a Seismograph  
in Washington.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—Severe  
earthquake shocks, lasting ten min  
utes, were found recorded on the in  
struments of the seismic observatory  
of Georgetown University today. The  
Rev. F. A. Tondorf, director of the  
observatory, stated the shocks began  
at 10:51 o'clock last night and the  
center of the disturbance apparently  
was about 1200 miles from Washing  
ton. The most pronounced motion  
was in an easterly and westerly direc  
tion.

Relaxation.  
WILSON STICKS  
TO WHITE HOUSE.

SPENDS CHRISTMAS WITH HIS  
NEAR RELATIVES.

President Bestows Most of His  
Attention on His Little Grandniece,  
for Whom Splendid Tree had been  
Arranged—McAdoo Leave for San  
Diego Today.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—President  
Wilson, in common with most of his  
Cabinet and other government officials,  
spent Christmas Day quietly at home  
with his family. The President did  
not leave the White House during the  
entire day, much of his attention be  
ing given to his small grandniece,  
Anne Cothran, for whom a splendid  
Christmas tree had been arranged.  
Many officials called to leave presents  
and holiday greetings.

The White House Christmas dinner  
was served at 7 o'clock tonight. It  
was quite national in character, many  
of the dishes being presents from ad  
mirers in all parts of the country. All  
of the President's near relatives were  
present, for it was the first Christmas  
dinner the Wilson family had eaten in  
the White House. Last year they  
spent the day at Pass Christian, Miss.

The President will rest during the  
remainder of the week, to be pre  
pared for the rush of business ex  
pected with the reassembling of Con  
gress tomorrow.

Tomorrow Secretary McAdoo and  
Mrs. McAdoo, the President's young  
est daughter, will leave for San  
Diego, where the Secretary will re  
present the President at the opening  
of the exposition there.

Mrs. Francis B. Sayre, his second  
daughter, plans to remain at the White  
House for at least a month.

During the morning several White  
House automobiles, loaded with cloth  
ing, food and toys, were sent into the  
poor section of the city at the direc  
tion of the President, who in this way,  
paid tribute to the memory of Mrs.  
Wilson's interest in Washington's  
poor.

The President did not attend  
church this morning. Prof. Stockton  
Axson, brother of the late Mrs. Wil  
son, spent the day at the White  
House. Other in the family group  
were Secretary and Mrs. McAdoo, Miss  
Margaret Wilson, Miss Belle McAdoo,  
Miss Edward Howe, Mr. Wilson's sis  
ter, Miss Anne Cothran, his niece, and  
Miss Helen W. Bones, his cousin.

OUR PREPAREDNESS FOR WAR.  
DATE OF HEARING CHANGED.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—The hear  
ing asked of the House Military Com  
mittee by Representative Gardner of  
Massachusetts on his efforts to get ac  
tion to create a commission to investi  
gate the preparedness of the United  
States for war has again been changed  
to January 4. This date was previ  
ously agreed upon because of the lack  
of a quorum of the committee before  
that time.

CLASH IN THE CANAL.  
Mixture of Fresh and Salt Water  
Causes Heavy Currents and a New  
Engineering Problem.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—A new  
factor in hydraulic engineering has  
been developed as the result of the  
operation of the Panama Canal.

He then discussed the heavy cur  
rents which continue until the fresh  
water has thoroughly permeated the  
heavier salt water and these cur  
rents, sweeping back and forth  
through the locks, are apt to dash  
about and seriously injure any vessel  
not carefully handled. When making  
the first night lockage recently the  
earnestly desired was held in the  
lower chamber of Miraflores lock for  
fifteen minutes waiting for these cur  
rents to subside.

SANTA CLAUS FATALITY BURNED.  
Cotton Wig and Whiskers of Chi  
cago Boy Caught Fire from Lighted  
Candle in His Hand.

CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—Vera Millard  
Olson, 11 years old, died today of  
burns received Christmas Eve while  
playing Santa Claus for the amuse  
ment of his younger brothers and sis  
ters.

The boy found a roll of cotton in  
a closet and used the material for a  
wig and whiskers in making up for  
Santa Claus.

He then lighted a candle and  
rushed into the room where the fam  
ily guests had assembled. In run  
ning about the room the lighted can  
dle ignited the cotton and he was  
fatally burned before the flames could  
be extinguished.

Few people, even well-in  
formed residents of this State,  
know how stupendously Cali  
fornia has achieved in 1914.

The Midwinter number of  
The Times, out January 1,  
tells what these great accom  
plishments are.

Petrograd.  
RUSSIANS TAKE  
MANY PRISONERS.

Report Successes at Both  
Warsaw and Cracow.

Austrians in Great Numbers  
Try to Pass River.

Armies are Soon Driven Back  
by Artillery Fire.

PETROGRAD (via London) Dec.  
25.—Russian successes are reported  
officially from the battle front before  
Warsaw and from that around Cra  
cow, but without materially changing  
the general situation in these re  
gions. Especially vicious attacks  
have been made by the Germans be  
tween Pincov, forty miles northeast  
of Cracow, and Nowemist Korosyn,  
at the junction of the Nida and Vis  
tula rivers.

In this place the Austrians imitated  
the tactics of the Germans and tried  
to force a passage by sheer weight  
and numbers. They advanced re  
peatedly in solid formation against  
the Russian front in face of a heavy  
artillery fire. The net result after  
two days' fighting—December 22 and  
23—was the capture by the Russians  
of nearly 5000 prisoners, including  
half a hundred officers, and the reten  
tion by the Russians of the left bank  
of the Nida, where they are strongly  
intrenched.

To the north the Russians are hold  
ing their own and are inflicting severe  
punishment on the Germans. A series  
of energetic attacks at Dolnyn, just  
south of Sobach Now (thirty miles  
from Warsaw), are reported to have  
been repulsed on the night of the  
23rd by vigorous Russian counter at  
tacks, while forty miles further south  
at Anovolon, a successful German  
crossing of the Pilica River was  
turned into a German reverse by sa  
vage attacks by Siberian troops, who  
forced the invaders back again.

The Russo-Turkish operations have  
been brought to a standstill by cli  
matic conditions in Asia Minor. Here  
the Russian troops have spread out,  
covering all the roads and quarters  
in the villages in an immense trian  
gle, whose sides converge for seventy  
miles with the base on the Russo  
Turkish frontier and the apex point  
ing toward Erzerum.

Clad in every variety of garment to  
keep warm, including Turkish robes  
and the wide-flowing Kurdish coats,  
the Russians are huddling in every  
shelter hut and farm house of the  
Armenians and packing cow sheds, sta  
bles and storehouses. Wherever pos  
sible the roofs have been cut out so  
that bonfires may be safely built  
within. The sound of battle is heard  
by the main body of troops, who  
are wintering on the way to  
Erzerum. Virtually the only activity  
is on the part of the rear guard  
Cossacks, who are forever on the move,  
engaging in brushes with the oppos  
ing cavalry.

MOVEMENT EXTENDED.  
The co-operation of the General  
Education Board, the report con  
tinues, "brought about an immediate  
and rapid expansion of the demon  
stration movement in every direction;  
it conquered new territory, dealt with  
the most difficult and complex activ  
ities, and touched more people.

In 1908, 543 farms were reached;  
a year later, 283; in 1909, 1,043; in  
1910, 14,000; in 1911, 25,822; in 1912,  
106,621. Twenty-five thousand addi  
tional farms at the last named date re  
ceiving instructions in Texas; 15,000  
in Oklahoma; 10,000 in Arkansas;  
10,000 in Alabama; 1,000 in Missis  
sippi.

The initial appropriation of the  
board in 1905 was \$700. The board  
appropriated \$30,000 the next year,  
\$75,000 two years later, \$130,000 in  
1911 and \$252,000 in 1912.

In summarizing the total cost of  
the southern people themselves in less  
than a decade were paying almost 50  
per cent. of the total annual expendi  
ture approaching \$1,200,000.

"Fortunately," the report concludes,  
"the value of demonstration has been  
so clear that the Federal government  
will now take over and extend purely  
educational farm demonstrations; suc  
cess has discredited the constitutional  
scruple that for the last ten years has  
restricted governmental activities in  
this direction to plague-infested States."

THE WEATHER BACK EAST.  
Intense Cold Sweeps Down on  
Nearly Whole Country from Cana  
da, Where It's 46 Below.

CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE  
TIMES, Dec. 25.—Intense cold is set  
tling down over all the Northwest and  
Middle West, with every prospect that  
winter has secured a firm and lasting  
grip upon the country. Canada and  
some of the Northwest States report  
from 20 to 46 deg. below zero. Chi  
cago's maximum of 16 deg. fell to 4  
deg. above today and will probably  
reach zero by morning. The cold wave  
is spreading east and south very rap  
idly. Other temperatures:

Abilene, Tex. .... 22  
Boise, Idaho .... 22  
Boston, Mass. .... 18  
Buffalo, N. Y. .... 16  
Calgary, Alberta .... 12  
Chicago, Ill. .... 16  
Denver, Colo. .... 14  
Des Moines, Iowa .... 12  
Dodge City, Kan. .... 18  
Duluth, Minn. .... 10  
Durango, Colo. .... 26  
Elk River, Tex. .... 26  
Hayes, Mont. .... 14  
Helena, Mont. .... 26  
Huron, S. D. .... 26  
Jacksonville, Fla. .... 26  
Kamloops, B. C. .... 20  
Kansas City, Mo. .... 24  
 Knoxville, Tenn. .... 26  
 Memphis, Tenn. .... 22  
 Minneapolis, Minn. .... 24  
 Modena, Utah .... 26  
 Moorhead, Minn. .... 22  
 New Orleans, La. .... 62  
 New York, N. Y. .... 24  
 North Platte, Neb. .... 24  
 Oklahoma City, Okla. .... 20  
 Pittsburgh, Pa. .... 22  
 Rapid City, S. D. .... 18  
 Roswell, N. M. .... 24  
 St. Louis, Mo. .... 18  
 St. Paul, Minn. .... 10  
 Salt Lake City, Utah .... 24  
 Sheridan, Wyo. .... 24  
 Swift Current, Sask. .... 6  
 Tampa, Fla. .... 78  
 Washington, D. C. .... 22  
 Williston, N. D. .... 20  
 Winnipeg, Man. .... 22

Below zero.

OFFICER WOUNDS CLERK.  
Portland Policeman Shoots at Flee  
ing Negro and Department Store  
Employee May Die as Result.

PORTLAND (Or.) Dec. 25.—Walter  
Askay, a department store employee,  
was wounded, probably fatally, to  
night, when he was struck in the neck  
by a bullet during a fusillade fired  
loose by Police Detective Thomas  
Swennes and John Maloney on a  
crowded street at a fleeing negro sus  
pected of highway robbery. Askay  
was in a trolley car when shot. The  
negro escaped.

ARCHBISHOP BLEAK HILL.  
NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 25.—Arch  
bishop James H. Blenk is critically  
ill here. He suffered a collapse today  
after a partial recovery from an ill  
ness with which he was stricken in  
Chicago last month. Physicians said  
his condition was grave.

FLYER CRASHES INTO AUTO.  
Station Master Killed and Two Oc  
cupants of Car Fatally Injured in  
Accident at Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 25.—Hurrying  
home in order to participate in Christ  
mas festivities tonight an automobile  
in which four persons were riding  
was struck by the Cincinnati Hamil  
ton and Dayton "Indianapolis flyer"  
at the Colerain-avenue crossing, the  
machine being thrown against the  
house of the station master, killing  
him and injuring all of the occupants  
of the car, two of them fatally.

Development.  
TEACH SOUTH  
HOW TO FARM.

EXPANSION BROUGHT ABOUT BY  
EDUCATION BOARD.

Thousands in Texas, Oklahoma,  
Arkansas, Alabama and Mississippi  
Given Instruction, so that They  
May Reap Rewards on Equal Basis  
with Inhabitants of Iowa.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—Efforts  
made to promote education in the  
Southern States are summarized in  
the sixth installment of the report  
of the General Education Board  
founded by John D. Rockefeller, made public  
tonight. It soon became clear, ac  
cording to the report, that adequate  
development could not take place until  
the available resources of the people  
were enlarged.

"These conditions were not pri  
marily due to lack of interest in pop  
ular education," the report continues.  
"They were mainly the result of ru  
ral poverty. While the average an  
nual earnings of individuals engaged  
in agriculture in Iowa were upward  
of \$1000, the average earnings of those  
similarly engaged in some of the  
Southern States were as low as \$150.

The great bulk of the people of the  
Southern States were simply not earn  
ing enough to provide proper homes  
and to support good schools."

The southern farmer suffered pri  
marily from lack of money, the re  
port says. He also lacked scientific  
knowledge of farming and the board  
therefore proceeded on the theory  
that if he could be helped in this di  
rection he would gladly support bet  
ter schools.

The board decided to work in con  
junction with the government.

MOVEMENT EXTENDED.  
The co-operation of the General  
Education Board, the report con  
tinues, "brought about an immediate  
and rapid expansion of the demon  
stration movement in every direction;  
it conquered new territory, dealt with  
the most difficult and complex activ  
ities, and touched more people.

In 1908, 543 farms were reached;  
a year later, 283; in 1909, 1,043; in  
1910, 14,000; in 1911, 25,822; in 1912,  
106,621. Twenty-five thousand addi  
tional farms at the last named date re  
ceiving instructions in Texas; 15,000  
in Oklahoma; 10,000 in Arkansas;  
10,000 in Alabama; 1,000 in Missis  
sippi.

The initial appropriation of the  
board in 1905 was \$700. The board  
appropriated \$30,000 the next year,  
\$75,000 two years later, \$130,000 in  
1911 and \$252,000 in 1912.

In summarizing the total cost of  
the southern people themselves in less  
than a decade were paying almost 50  
per cent. of the total annual expendi  
ture approaching \$1,200,000.

"Fortunately," the report concludes,  
"the value of demonstration has been  
so clear that the Federal government  
will now take over and extend purely  
educational farm demonstrations; suc  
cess has discredited the constitutional  
scruple that for the last ten years has  
restricted governmental activities in  
this direction to plague-infested States."

THE WEATHER BACK EAST.  
Intense Cold Sweeps Down on  
Nearly Whole Country from Cana  
da, Where It's 46 Below.

CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE  
TIMES, Dec. 25.—Intense cold is set  
tling down over all the Northwest and  
Middle West, with every prospect that  
winter has secured a firm and lasting  
grip upon the country. Canada and  
some of the Northwest States report  
from 20 to 46 deg. below zero. Chi  
cago's maximum of 16 deg. fell to 4  
deg. above today and will probably  
reach zero by morning. The cold wave  
is spreading east and south very rap  
idly. Other temperatures:

Abilene, Tex. .... 22  
Boise, Idaho .... 22  
Boston, Mass. .... 18  
Buffalo, N. Y. .... 16  
Calgary, Alberta .... 12  
Chicago, Ill. .... 16  
Denver, Colo. .... 14  
Des Moines, Iowa .... 12  
Dodge City, Kan. .... 18  
Duluth, Minn. .... 10  
Durango, Colo. .... 26  
Elk River, Tex. .... 26  
Hayes, Mont. .... 14  
Helena, Mont. .... 26  
Huron, S. D. .... 26  
Jacksonville, Fla. .... 26  
Kamloops, B. C. .... 20  
Kansas City, Mo. .... 24  
 Knoxville, Tenn. .... 26  
 Memphis, Tenn. .... 22  
 Minneapolis, Minn. .... 24  
 Modena, Utah .... 26  
 Moorhead, Minn. .... 22  
 New Orleans, La. .... 62  
 New York, N. Y. .... 24  
 North Platte, Neb. .... 24  
 Oklahoma City, Okla. .... 20  
 Pittsburgh, Pa. .... 22  
 Rapid City, S. D. .... 18  
 Roswell, N. M. .... 24  
 St. Louis, Mo. .... 18  
 St. Paul, Minn. .... 10  
 Salt Lake City, Utah .... 24  
 Sheridan, Wyo. .... 24  
 Swift Current, Sask. .... 6  
 Tampa, Fla. .... 78  
 Washington, D. C. .... 22  
 Williston, N. D. .... 20  
 Winnipeg, Man. .... 22

Below zero.

OFFICER WOUNDS CLERK.  
Portland Policeman Shoots at Flee  
ing Negro and Department Store  
Employee May Die as Result.

PORTLAND (Or.) Dec. 25.—Walter  
Askay, a department store employee,  
was wounded, probably fatally, to  
night, when he was struck in the neck  
by a bullet during a fusillade fired  
loose by Police Detective Thomas  
Swennes and John Maloney on a  
crowded street at a fleeing negro sus  
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was in a trolley car when shot. The  
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ness with which he was stricken in  
Chicago last month. Physicians said  
his condition was grave.

COLD WAVE DUE  
IN MIDDLE WEST.

Zero Weather Predicted for  
Eastern States, Also.

Rapid Drop in Temperature  
Follows High Winds.

Heavy Snow and Rains on  
Atlantic Seaboard.

CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE  
TIMES, Dec. 25.—Residents of the  
Middle West and Northwest who have  
been predicting an "open winter" are  
very much in disfavor with all but  
those who have coal, heavy clothing  
and heat producing food to sell. The  
ice men are also pleased with condi  
tions, for they will be able to fill their  
houses with a fine quality of thick ice.

The "open winter" passed out of  
the spotlight about a week ago and  
the weather has been growing  
more intense ever since. There was a  
slight respite yesterday, but it was  
merely a temporary stop while Old  
Winter spat upon his icy fury and  
took a firmer grip on the country.

Some idea of what is in store for  
the Middle West, and in the course of  
two days or less, for the Ohio Valley  
and the Southeast and East is indi  
cated by temperatures in the north  
western weather factory. White  
River reports 46 deg. below zero;  
Qu'Appelle, 36 deg.; North Dakota  
points 24 deg.; Minnesota 20 to 26  
deg.; Wisconsin, Michigan and  
Iowa all below zero and temperatures  
falling rapidly tonight.

Slightly warmer temperatures pre  
vailed in the Eastern, Mountain and  
Southeastern Gulf Coast States. Heavy  
rains fell in the Southeast and snow  
and rain were reported in New York  
and Massachusetts.

High winds prevailing in the North  
west indicate a rapid spread of the  
new cold wave. Chicago's maximum  
today was 16 deg. above, but this fell  
to 4 deg. above at midnight, with  
prospects of zero by morning. Other  
cities show the Great Lakes region  
more fortunate, but the frigidity will  
probably reach them a few hours later.  
St. Louis with 16 deg. above is  
desperately cold, and will probably  
reach zero by morning. The cold wave  
in Northern Texas is below freezing  
and New Orleans is 4 deg. colder  
than Los Angeles, but 32 deg. warmer  
than Spokane.

Heavy snows have been falling for  
more than a week throughout Western  
Canada and the Northwestern  
States, so there is every prospect  
that the latest cold wave will endure  
for some time. Steady weather close  
to and sometimes below the zero mark,  
has made the Great Lakes very cold  
and cities bordering upon them are in  
for regular winter weather.

SNOWSTORM  
TIES UP SHIPS.

PORTLAND (Or.) Dec. 25.—One of  
the severest snow storms in the  
coast cities have been in recent years  
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Professional men find the  
Home Phone a business  
asset that yields immeas  
urable profits. 55,000  
Home Phones in use in Los  
Angeles today—and serv  
ice did it! If you want to  
get more business, don't go  
without Home Telephone  
service!

Call Contract  
Dept. F98  
for Full  
Information.

Home  
Telephone  
Company

Los Angeles

LAST OF THE YEAR

The  
Los Angeles  
Times  
Illustrated  
Weekly

This Week's Number  
Ready to Be Read This Morning.

Following is an Index to Some of  
Its Contents This Week:

The Roof of Our Hemisphere.  
Scenes from the South End of the Andes.  
By Frank G. Carpenter.

Last Pow-wow of the Piutes.  
A notable Festival of Indians in Inyo County.  
By Louise Parker.

The Ancient Celt in Polynesia.  
Remarkable Discoveries of a Los Angeles Traveler.  
By Edmund Mitchell.

She Discusses Woman as a Soldier.  
By a Special Contributor.

Stolen Sweets.  
A Story of Beauty in Disguise.  
By May C. Ringwalt.

The Twelfth Juror.  
Case in Which an Unexpected Verdict was Found.  
By J. L. Sherrard.

Old-Time Pleasures.  
Recollections of Early Society in Los Angeles.  
By Laura Evertsen King.

Louie's Vacation an Elopement.  
An Animal Story of Much Interest.  
By Alice Fessenden Peterson.

GOOD SHORT STORIES.  
CITY AND HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.  
BY THE WESTERN SEA.

THE EAGLE—THE LANCER.  
MEN AND AFFAIRS IN THE KALEIDOSCOPE.  
MARRIED LIFE OF HELEN AND WARREN.  
POULTRY CULTURE.  
CARE OF THE BODY.  
"HOME, SWEET HOME."  
CARTOONS—POETRY—HUMOR.  
BEAUTIFUL HALFTONES.

RUSSIA INSPECTS  
AMERICAN MINTS.

IS TO REPLACE HER COINING  
PLANTS WITH OUR  
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### Classified Liners.

**SALE—**  
**Suburban Property.**

**SEE WHAT \$50 WILL DO FOR YOU.**

**ACRES.** This little farm, within a few minutes of the car line. 20 minutes from town. High and dry—sweet soil, water and a beautiful view. A beautiful chicken house for a few dollars. **WINEAR.** best home in the city.

including less than three ordinary city  
 a home better and \$19 a month. See  
 East.

**ANNE INVESTMENT COMPANY.**  
 611-618 E. Hill st. Bldg. 2468.  
 Phones.

TWO BIG BARGAINS.  
 TWO AN ACRES WALNUTS  
 bearing trees, best home soil,  
 good water. Small house  
 cost. 180 inches electric line, only  
 home, half mile to payments.  
 balance

8600 LOT ORANGES

these jobs in Monrovia. Street improvements  
 and large water supply. Free crop co. On-  
 take cash payments. Near good  
 house. P. O. box 515, MONROVIA.  
 HAVE RENT. BUY ACRES. \$10  
 to \$250. 621 & SPRING ST., second  
 floor.

Alhambra.

FURNISHED TEN-ROOM RESIDENCE AT  
 latest improvements, three acres of  
 land and flowers. Call 2250  
 on 1005 TRUST & SAVINGS BLDG.

**Glendale.**  
 515-216 SNAP; 1/2-ACRE LOT, COVERED  
 1000-sq-ft garage; terms: price \$1400, taxes  
 \$100. W. PALMER, owner, 418 Trust &  
 Box 43172, M. 9273.

---

**Monrovia.**  
 515-14 MONROVIA. 6-ROOM MODERN  
 with five orange and other fruit trees;  
 large; he owns a residence in  
 11168 Los Angeles, or Black 170.  
 R. HAYENWAMP, 627 N. Orange ave. Mon-

**Willowbrook.**  
**1-3,000 MODERN HOUSE: TWO LOTS**  
 lot each; one block from Long Beach car  
 lot \$14,000. \$500 cash. balance terms.  
 GRANT, Willowbrook.

---

**SALE—**  
**Beach Property.**  
**Seal Beach.**  
**1-2-330 GIVES YOU SEAL BEACH LOT.**  
 lot at once; can use tent or portable  
 house.

**WANTS IN REAL ESTATE PROPERTY FOR RENT.**

**HAVENS, Ocean ave., Seal Beach.**

**Long Beach.**

**WANT HAVE EQUITY OF \$2100 IN \$4000**  
beach home, corner lot. Short distance  
from. Write owner, 224 W. 47TH PLACE,  
LOS ANGELES.

**Manhattan Beach.**

**TWO OCEAN FRONTS, SIDE BY SIDE**

**SALE.**  
Harbor Property.

12-50 ACRES ADJOINING HARBOR CITY.  
See LBY, 418 Marsh-Strong Bldg.

**SALE.**  
Country Property.

**STOCK RANCH.** \$150,000. 7000  
acres timbered. Three stock ranch  
size large barns. 6000 acres newly  
cleared. 200 light. 200000 lbs. of  
water with abundance water for irri-  
gation vineyard and fruit water, bee-  
hive and game preserve. Lumber in all  
the natural sites for summer  
of sulphur, soda and other minerals  
lands Lake county famous. No agents.  
J. MASON, 5015 Frost st. San  
Francisco.

**MIN LEVEL PRUIT AND ALPACA**  
where tracts in Merced county.  
No more required. Eight annual installments.  
FOR

... contracts arranged for. Make your  
... constructed. Write to or inquire of L.  
... 810 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco.

**SOUTHERN PACIFIC LAND NEAR**  
... and Pomona, California. Mur-  
... Angeles and Kern counties. 100  
... One-tenth cash and ten years  
... fruit, vegetables and grain. For  
... **SOUTHERN PACIFIC LAND**  
... All Good. 1000 corner Sixth and  
... Los Angeles, Cal.

**ORANGE OR EXCHANGE—40 ACRES, 20 AL-**  
... and almonds. Fine lot of  
... This is a model dairy ranch  
... Right

**WILL EXCHANGE FOR FIRST MORTGAGE**  
on suit. J. H. CANNERY, Thibault,  
Calif., Cal.

**WE HAVE A NUMBER OF EXCEPTIONAL**  
properties in good country and city  
regions we can exchange.  
**H. A. DICKNEY with**  
**A. C. FOLLARD,**  
601 Central Bldg. Bayw. 3678.

**FOR SALE MADDERA COUNTY, 20**  
acres. Plenty of water. Sell \$2500.  
Take local in trade on first payment.  
For particulars. **HAYES BROG, El Monte**

**FOR SALE ACRES, 100**

**IMPERIAL VALLEY**  
 300, 100 acre parcels and tracts. \$250  
 100 acre crop well worth \$150. Address  
 SAFE DEPOSIT BANK, San Jose, Cal.

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FARM**  
 600 acre, water piped; moderate terms.  
 PRIMO ST. Norwalk, Cal.

**16-TRUCK WALNUT ORCHARD, WHITE-**  
 100 acre, close in. For particulars, address  
 P. O. No. 1, Box 320, Pismo, Cal.

---

**Santa Cruz.**  
 100-200 ACRES. HOMES. ACRES. FREE  
 WILSON TRIGGS. Santa Cruz, Cal.

**JOAQUIN VALLEY—**  
 FOR SALE BY OWNER.  
 1000 acres of rich, level farming land in Fresno  
 County, near town; easy terms. Apply to M.  
 J. B. S. 515 Fourth Bldg., Fresno, Cal.

**GRAD VALLEY—**  
 WANT TO BUY, RENT, OR EXCHANGE IN  
 the Valley, write, IMPERIAL LAND AND  
 TRUST CO., Niles, Cal.

**MANMENT LAND—**  
RETURNED. AFTER CAREFUL EXAM-  
ination of the best land in Lincoln Valley; sur-  
veys still open; water developed  
in some places; under way soon place  
new ranch; small location fee. 147 N.  
W. Phone East 9000.

**BEST BUTE IN ORANGE**  
 Grove in best districts; our specialty  
 for Verne and Chicago. Only a few  
 choice and profitable propositions. Can match  
 any.

**SAN DIMAS ESTATE COMPANY,**  
 SAN DIMAS, CAL.

**BARBAIN. FOUR-ACRE FINE**  
 Orange grove; only ten minutes  
 ride from the city. Home and house-  
 hold. On school and boulevard  
 location. About  
 1000 ft. San Gabriel and Whittier  
 roads. San Gabriel. Price \$4400.

**SAVES CASH BUYER FOR 20-ACRE**  
 Grove. Soil and water  
 as A-1.

**RAIL**  
**Poultry Ranches.**  
 EXCHANGE—4-ROOM CALL  
 furnished \$15, also chicken ranch.  
 Also cooking chickens, ducks, tur-  
 keys, home implements. Address A.  
 W. POTTER, Box 100, Spring City.  
 CHICKEN RANCH, \$20 DOWN, \$15  
 ON A SPRING ST.

**ROOMING HOUSES—**  
Bath, Exchange, Lease, Wanted

There is an opportunity for hotel and rooming house managers to secure the services of a practical, experienced and exceptionally good food and general manager of all systems of hotels and rooming houses. Married couple, with knowledge of hotel and rooming house business from thoroughly practical experience. Address B. box 464. TIMES

**HOUSE, VERY CLOSIN IN**  
and single rooms. Japanese can  
Address O, box 240.

**ROOMS, LODGING-HOUSE, PRICE**  
\$150. 2 years lease. Near location  
in Japanese. Address N, box  
100.

**EXCHANGE 17-ROOM ROOMING**  
house before January 15. Rent \$75;  
water, gas, electric, phone, heat  
free. Owner: part owner. 15  
rooms. Broadway 4088 No. America.

**14-ROOM HOUSE, VERY**  
nice. 14 rooms. 1000 sq. ft. turn  
over. 231 N.

**FOR SALE**  
Owner  
Address V

**WANTED**  
secure  
location  
SMITH, R.  
\$1000-8  
near 37  
from 13  
FOREY, J.

ROOM MODERN ROOMING-HOUSE  
Modern, good transient business. Call  
growing  
R. box 2  
FOR SALE  
steady  
Artesia, C







THE CITY  
AND ENVIRONS.

## EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD.

## In Theater Lobby.

While in a crowded lobby of a Broadway theater early last evening, Samuel Rosenberg, No. 1461 West Washington street, was "touched" for \$115.

## Westlake Concert Tomorrow.

The following programme will be given in Westlake Park tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock by Prof. Miller and his band: "King Cotton" (Rousa), selection from the musical comedy, "Miss Dolly Dollars" (V. Herbert), overture, "Stradella" (Piotrow), intermission, intermezzo, "The Gondolier" (Powell), selection from the opera, "Attila" (G. Verdi), waltzes from the French opera, "Semper Parvula" (Rousa), idyl, "Traum der Sennnerin" (A. Litzky), "American Patrol" (Mecham).

TOURNAMENT BALL  
FINAL FESTIVITY.

## PATRONESSES NAMED FOR SOCIAL FUNCTION AT PASADENA NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

A culmination of the day's festivities on New Year's Day in Pasadena will be the "Rose Tournament ball" to be given at the Hotel Maryland. Already 2600 invitations have been issued, and once again on the threshold of a new year, Pasadena will be host to the elite of the eastern cities and to its sister cities of Southern California.

Patronesses for the ball who are among the best known social leaders in the country are: Mrs. W. A. Brackenridge, Mrs. A. L. Libby, Mrs. J. V. Elliot, Mrs. R. D. Davis, Mrs. Gertrude H. Macy, Mrs. C. A. Goodyear, Mrs. Walter Raymond, Mrs. W. F. Parson, Mrs. A. M. McDermott, Mrs. William R. Staats, Mrs. W. F. Grattan, Mrs. David Blankenhorn, Mrs. George Damon, Mrs. Clayton H. Garver, Mrs. F. G. Martin, Mrs. H. L. Story, Mrs. Harry Guame, Mrs. J. R. Giddings, Mrs. J. O. Seibert, Mrs. Ernest Behr, Mrs. Robert Pittman, Jr., Mrs. John B. Miller, Mrs. H. I. Stuart, Mrs. D. M. Linnard, Mrs. John Earle Jardine, Mrs. Frank C. Horan, Mrs. Charles D. Daggett, Mrs. F. H. Gilchrist, Mrs. W. D. Card, Mrs. G. Lawrence Stimson, Mrs. Frederick W. Kellogg, Mrs. Henry Newby, Mrs. J. B. Compton, Mrs. Harrison I. Drummond, Mrs. C. N. Post, Mrs. C. T. Malaby, Mrs. W. F. Knight, Mrs. E. H. May, Mrs. George C. Guyer, Mrs. L. H. Turner, Mrs. Clara B. Hayward, Mrs. Emily Macy, Mrs. H. W. Chenoweth, Mrs. William A. Spill, Mrs. Calvin Hartwell, Mrs. W. M. Ritchey, Mrs. A. J. Bertonneau, Mrs. G. Lavagnino, Mrs. Reginald Johnson, Mrs. Frank Vandervoort, Mrs. Edna Bennett, Mrs. J. J. Mitchell.

Succeeding the Rose Tournament will be the spectacular chariot races in which the charioteers will be E. B. Cornell of Porterville, Frank Lathrop of Walnut, E. J. Levingood of Chino and Nick Fitzgerald of Fresno. Various races, polo pony contests of various kinds, and other exciting sports will conclude a striking program that will be followed by supper at the Maryland previous to the opening of the ball.

## OUR UNDEFENDED BORDER.

Absence of Fortresses Along the Canadian Line has Prevented any Feeling of Distrust.

[Providence Journal.] In the fact that an unguarded frontier of 3000 miles divides this country from Canada there is an interesting point for contemplation, and in this fact, as a contemporary suggests, may lie also a principal reason why peace has been successfully maintained between Great Britain and the United States for 140 years.

When neighbors erect high fences and stone walls between themselves surrounded with barbed wire and broken glass, there is a source of chronic irritation and the evidence of reciprocal dislike and distrust. When nations are neighbors, instead of individuals, the psychological circumstances are much the same. Frontiers are subtle international necessities and they should be treated delicately and respectfully. When a frontier is permitted to bristle it becomes a perpetual menace on both sides of the line. A reminder that all the frontiers of Europe have long been of the bristling variety is hardly necessary.

On several occasions during the past century there have been slightly strained relations between this country and England, but the disarming of the Canadian frontier has disarmed suspicion, and so British-American relations were healthy and misunderstandings could be easily adjusted.

## PERSONALS.

James B. South, cotton dealer of Bowling Green, Ky., is at the Anker-shim, accompanied by Mrs. South. Other recent guests at the same hotel were J. C. Good, merchant, and Mrs. Good of San Diego, and Lieut. H. G. Ball, U.S.A.

The holiday guests at the Clark include Judge and Mrs. Lucien Shaw of San Francisco; A. C. Perry, lumber dealer of Toronto; F. W. White, grain dealer of Chicago, and George H. Hillis, banker, and Mrs. Hillis of Chicago.

Some of the interesting guests at the Alexandria are Capt. E. A. Jett, U.S.A.; Robert A. Martin, cattle dealer of El Paso; J. S. Kinnard, manufacturer of Dayton; O. M. P. Browley, shoe dealer of Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wood, tourists from Denver.

C. J. Medbury, land owner of Calexico, was a recent guest at the Stowell and also W. W. Wind, cattle dealer of Douglas; O. L. Phillips, rancher of Las Vegas, N. M., and H. W. Norton, lumber dealer of San Francisco.

## CAR MEN ROBBED.

"I don't want to kill you, so give me what you got," invitation of Bandit.

A young foreigner, masked and wearing a light overcoat and a velvet hat, robbed the crew of car No. 396 of the Temple-street extension line at the terminus on Normandie avenue, late last night.

"Now, I don't want to kill you boys," he said, "so give me what you got."

Conductor W. E. Cunningham handed over \$15 and a watch and Motorman E. B. Webb contributed \$11.50.

Various, shortening tribes of the Americas hundreds of years before the Columbus era, perhaps even 1000 years ago, has been known to archeologists for some time. Dr. Marshall H. Saville is quoted in the Pan-American Bulletin:

"Another custom which we found in Esmeraldas, and which, so far as we are aware, is not present in any other part of South America, is the decoration of the teeth by the insertion of inlays in small perforations cut in the enamel of the upper incisors. This custom of decorating the teeth was quite common in various parts of Mexico, where different settings were used. In the Mayan area, as far south as Salvador, the object most often used for the inlay was jadeite. In Mexico, for example, in Oaxaca, have found hematite used; in Vera Cruz, turquoise has been found, and in other parts teeth with settings of rock crystal, obsidian and a red cement have been found. We have never heard of this custom in Colombia, or Peru, but in Esmeraldas, in Atacama, skulls have been found with tiny disks of gold set into the teeth in the same manner as in Mexico and Central America, with the exception of the material."

Last summer Prof. Saville returned from another archaeological trip to South America, where he had secured valuable specimens, among them being one of unusual interest, described as follows:

"A Cholo, one of the natives of Atacama, in the province of Esmeraldas, found a skeleton in a burial vault. The skull was found with the teeth inlaid with gold. The two upper middle teeth are decorated by the insertion of this gold disks in cavities drilled or bored in the enamel of the face of the teeth. An unusual dental feat, in addition to the decoration, is found in the right middle tooth. This is not a right middle incisor, but a right lateral incisor, which does not belong to the decoration, is found in the right middle incisor. This is such an extraordinary feature that we must weigh very carefully the evidence as to its having been found in the jaw."

Indeed, there is no reason to doubt that the replacement is a genuine triumph of the ancient dentists of Atacama.

Another skull showed teeth that had been "face-crowned" with gold. The enamel having been skillfully removed down to the dentine and the teeth being in a perfect state of preservation. So much for the Indian dentists of 1000 years ago.

## BUSINESS BRIEVITIES.

(Advertising.)

For quick action drop answers to Times "liners" in Times' liner boxes in downtown office buildings. The contents of the boxes are printed in the first column of The Times "liner" section.

The Times Branch Office, No. 619 South Spring street, advertisements and subscriptions taken.

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443-445-447 South Broadway

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An unusual collection in lingerie new models, \$2.95  
also Silk Blouses. Heretofore \$5.00 to \$7.50  
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Coats, Dresses, Hats

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324 S. Broadway Women. Coats for all Occasions.\$10 WATCHES Montgomery Bros.,  
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I cured my ASTHMA with THIRAKA  
and am curing many others. No relapse.  
No return. I solicit the worst cases. Full  
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LEAGUE BLDG., 2nd and Hill Sts.You can be proud of what  
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the price you pay for it.  
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Busiest Leading  
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That's Some Wish, for, at the prices we've quoted, we have certainly taught a dull season how to be busy.

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UNDELIVERED TELEGRAMS.  
There are telegrams at the Western  
Union for Annie Allen, Clara Al-  
dener, Morris Best (two), George K.  
Collins, Mrs. W. L. Covington, Mrs.  
Chauncey D. Clark, J. L. Copeland,  
Miss Bernice Dempster, James N. Da-  
vidson, Mrs. B. C. Dahenell, Mrs. C. L.  
Everett, Mrs. M. E. Eaton, William  
Griffith, Mary Gammell, S. P. Hill,  
Miss Annie L. Harvey, W. Frank  
Halden, Emelie Holdridge, E. Jensen,  
Mrs. Elmer Jones, M. Barbara Kerner,  
Nicholls, Emma Markham, Mr. Mitch-  
ell, Mrs. R. L. Pratt, Miss Geraldine  
Parker, W. Strachan, Miss B. Seger,  
Mrs. Vance B. Sands, Mrs. H. Swartz-  
back, Miss Isabel M. Tibbets, Mrs.  
F. A. Truitt, Mrs. F. Truitt, Master  
Neil Tull, Katherine Tyler, Mrs. John  
Trohey, E. L. Winter, Miss Sarah  
H. White, J. C. Palmer, Mrs. B. W.  
Young and Henry Young, at the  
Postal for J. G. Tripp, Mrs. W. B.  
Thompson, Margaret Rennie, W. E.  
Hoiden, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Er-  
stein, Miss Fernie Karnagham, Mrs. E.  
G. Juett, Ruth Cray Stevenson, Miss  
Ruth Whitney, Mrs. J. V. Duncan,  
Harry B. Johnson, Mrs. M. B. Coff-  
man, Charles Perdue, Master Keith  
Eskridge, A. Q. Arts, Leon Douglas,  
F. W. Grady, Mr. and Mrs. William  
Wilson, Moulton & Merrill, Marguer-  
ite H. Clark, A. B. McGaffey, C. A.  
Ferguson, Miss Hilma Clough, Ger-  
trude King and Milton Brough.

## THE WEATHER.

(Official Report.)

LOCAL OFFICE, U. S. WEATHER BUREAU, Los Angeles, Dec. 25.—(Reported by Ford A. Carpenter, Local Forecaster.) At 5 o'clock a.m. the barometer registered 30.11; at 5 p.m. 30.10. Thermometer for the corresponding hours showed 51 deg and 57 deg. Relative humidity, 5 a.m., 86 per cent.; 5 p.m., 87 per cent. Wind, 5 a.m., northeast, velocity 5 miles; 5 p.m., west, velocity 7 miles. Highest temperature, 67 deg.; lowest, 47 deg. Rainfall for season, 4.25 inches. Barometer reduced to sea level.

STATE FORECAST.  
SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 25.—Forecast: Generally cloudy; light, southerly wind. Bay area: Fair tomorrow; light, northerly wind.

ARIZONA FORECAST.  
WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—Forecast for Arizona: Generally fair; southerly and southeasterly winds. YUMA (APR.) Dec. 25.—Exclusive Dispatch from the U. S. Reclamation Service. Gauge height at Colorado River, 19.80 feet.

SIGNAL OPERATOR  
FROZEN TO DEATH.

ARMY MAN IS OVERCOME BY A  
SNOWSTORM IN  
ALASKA.

[BY A. P. DAY WIRE.]  
VALDEZ (Alaska) Dec. 25.—Francis E. Johnson, aged 35, of Meadow Valley, Wisconsin, United States Signal Corps operator at Donnelly's, Alaska, was frozen to death Wednesday night on the trail near his post. He left Donnelly's for a lightly dressed, on horseback, for a relief cabin on the military telegraph line, to install a stove. Johnson's body was found near a large rock, about which he had tramped down the snow in his efforts to keep warm. Apparently his horse went through an overwash and the rider became water-logged for safety and was overtaken by a snowstorm.

TWO MEN KILLED  
BY POWER WIRE.

ELECTRICAL EMPLOYEES ELEC-  
TROCUT ON TOP  
OF POLE.

[BY A. P. DAY WIRE.]  
TONOPAH (Nev.) Dec. 25.—Adolph Meyers and H. E. Mould, operators in charge of the power substation here, were killed by electricity this morning. A short circuit had occurred and they climbed the poles. They put on the first control, but it failed to protect, and the current leaped through. They fell dead to the ground. Meyers leaves a wife in Oregon.

CARRIES SECRET TO GRAVE.

Man Dies in Hospital Admitting He  
Knows Who Shot Him, But Will Not  
Tell.

[BY A. P. DAY WIRE.]  
SEATTLE, Dec. 25.—Samuel Chukalas, a Greek miner, lately arrived from Idaho, and who was found lying in the southern part of the city last Tuesday, suffering from a bullet wound, died at the City Hospital last night. When discovered Chukalas said he had been enticed into the woods by a stranger on the pretext of showing him some land and then shot. Before his death Chukalas admitted that he knew the man who shot him, but declined to tell the name, saying that he himself would take care of him when he got out of the hospital.

WRECK INJURES ELEVEN.  
Two Trains Come Together in a  
Near-End Collision at Inlay, Nev.,  
Last Night.

[BY A. P. DAY WIRE.]  
RENO (Nev.) Dec. 25.—Eight passengers and three trainmen were injured, none seriously, when the second section of west-bound train No. 19, collided with the rear end of the first section, at Inlay, 250 miles east of here late last night. About 100 passengers occupied the observation car of the first section of the train. A San Francisco man, whose name is unknown, sustained a broken leg, and the arm of the dining car conductor was fractured.

The engineer of the second section said he was unable to see the signals of the train ahead of him because of fog and steam. Both the engineer and the fireman were seriously injured. They jumped when the crash came. A special train with physicians and nurses was sent to Inlay from Winnemucca.

MAKING PRISON HOMELIKE.  
Warden of Folsom Gives Each One  
of His Criminals a New Suit of  
Clothes.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]  
SACRAMENTO, Dec. 25.—Warden J. J. Smith played Santa Claus to 1111 convicts at Folsom Prison today when he took away the striped suits that for years have been the badge of shame and gave each man a brand new uniform of blue gray cadet cloth. The gift was a welcome one to every inmate, from the old "Indian Dick," who has worn the sebra garb for the past thirty-five years at Folsom, to the last arrival, who never donned stripes until last week.

In the future only men who are brought back as parole violators will be clothed in stripes.

REMEMBERS THE POOR.  
Thousands of Gifts and Dinners are  
Provided in San Francisco for  
Worthy of the City.

[BY A. P. DAY WIRE.]  
SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 25.—Forty thousand bags of nuts, raisins, candies and fruit were distributed to the children of this city today at the foot of a towering Christmas tree in the grounds of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Both morning and evening choral services were held in many churches. Prisoners in San Quentin and at the County Jail also special Christmas dinners, and there was a tree at the County Jail.

Motion pictures and vaudeville enlivened the 1500 inmates of the San Francisco Relief Home.

Two hundred sailors from all points of the compass gathered for a turkey dinner at the Seaman's Institute. The Salvation Army distributed baskets among the homes of the poor.

CHRISTMAS FEAST, THEN DEATH.  
Man Seriously Wounded Woman in  
San Francisco Hotel and then Kills  
Himself.

[BY A. P. DAY WIRE.]  
OAKLAND, Dec. 25.—Helen Winton told the police today that Ray Irving Haskell, that Albert Parker had shot her and then committed suicide. The couple ate a Christmas dinner together last night and then returned to the hotel where they were registered as husband and wife. A few minutes later the proprietor heard the sound of revolver shots.

Parker died early today and the condition of the woman is serious. Both live in San Francisco.

## VITAL RECORDS.

(Official Report.)

DEATHS.  
With Funeral.  
ALLAN, At No. 1825 Duane street, died of pneumonia, aged 68, at 2:30 p.m. Buried at Forest Lawn cemetery.

ANDERSON, At St. Mary's hospital, died of pneumonia, aged 68, at 2:30 p.m. Buried at Forest Lawn cemetery.

BARBER, At No. 454 West Broadway, died of pneumonia, aged 68, at 2:30 p.m. Buried at Forest Lawn cemetery.

BLAKE, At St. Mary's hospital, died of pneumonia, aged 68, at 2:30 p.m. Buried at Forest Lawn cemetery.

FERRELL, At St. Mary's hospital, died of pneumonia, aged 68, at 2:30 p.m. Buried at Forest Lawn cemetery.

MANUEL, At St. Mary's hospital, died of pneumonia, aged 68, at 2:30 p.m. Buried at Forest Lawn cemetery.

MURPHY, At St. Mary's hospital, died of pneumonia, aged 68, at 2:30 p.m. Buried at Forest Lawn cemetery.

PARKER, At St. Mary's hospital, died of pneumonia, aged 68, at 2:30 p.m. Buried at Forest Lawn cemetery.

PERKINS, At St. Mary's hospital, died of pneumonia, aged 68, at 2:30 p.m. Buried at Forest Lawn cemetery.

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... country—near San Fran  
... ideal. Outdoor life and  
... training conducive to good  
... the Spring semester  
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## New Delicacy to Solve Problem of Prolific Pets.



Pigs are pigs, but guineas are a regular delicacy. Prominent clubmen turning down turkey, ducks et al, for the var-colored squealers yesterday. From left to right, W. W. Burns, Frank Hauser, Mayor of Rowanburg, a mythical town, and Pete Densel, the "town's" Chief of Police, enjoying a Guinea-pig feast at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. A. Aldrich, the club's chef, is pouring the wine.

### Control of River.

(Continued from First Page.)

mittee and brought it directly before the Committee on Appropriations, of which Congressman Fitzgerald of New York is chairman. The hearing lasted almost all of one day. The California committee was given to understand that they must show that the need is urgent; otherwise their request could not even be considered.

CONVINCING TESTIMONY. Briefly but convincingly the history of Imperial Valley was told to Congressmen who learned for the first time how rich an empire has been built up in the southwestern desert. It was shown that from the once forbidding sands more than \$15,000,000 annually is being produced, that valuable staple crops can be raised there better than anywhere else on earth.

The California delegates explained how a value of more than \$60,000,000 has been created in a few years and gave figures to prove that the development of Imperial Valley has hardly yet begun and that its future greatness as an agricultural empire will make it one of the greatest producing assets in the country.

They described the value of water and the manner of its delivery from the Colorado River. The treacherous nature of the river and the danger of flood waters diverting its course were gone into fully. Chairman Fitzgerald took the position that the time to meet a calamity is when the calamity comes. To this the committee replied that the calamity potentially has come.

The snow in the mountains, they said, and must melt. The flood season of the Colorado must come in May or June. While it is by no means certain that there will be trouble the character of the levees at Volcano Lake constitutes a menace that might have disastrous results both to the government's Laguna dam and to the Imperial Valley irrigation system. It was pointed out that aside from the Imperial Valley's needs the government has a direct and vital interest in controlling the Colorado River for under the Laguna dam are 120,000 acres of land now settled and \$50,000 acres more to be ultimately included in the project.

ENCOURAGING VERDICT. Imperial Valley's needs and the Colorado River conditions were fully described at the hearing. At the close Chairman Fitzgerald told the delegation that if the Secretary of the Interior would render a report to him representing the situation to be as urgent as described by the visiting delegates the letter would be favorably considered. Secretary Lane at once proceeded to make such a report.

So the committee, with strong reasons for believing its mission was successful, has returned home, confident that whatever danger may have threatened the water system next summer has been averted.

The work to be effective should be completed before the high waters next summer. To strengthen and raise the levees, construct a weir and do some repair work at the intake would take about two months, so if the appropriation is made as expected Imperial Valley, through its water system, is more safely entrenched than ever before in its history.

"We believe we have succeeded," said Mr. Booth last night. "In any event the committee has done its best and has left nothing undone that it appeared wise to do. With the expected appropriation from the government, Imperial Valley need have no fear concerning its water supply for at least two years. Even if the appropriation should be hung up or delayed we shall find some way to cope with the situation, but probably not so completely as could be done with the aid of Congress."

The proposed control work by the government is a big thing for the valley. It will stabilize values, give greater confidence to farmers and result in greater development of agricultural resources. It will make the water supply certain and remove all ordinary danger for at least two years. At the expiration of that time the government may be ready to undertake a bigger project that will permanently solve the water problems of the lands under the Colorado. Two years from now the valley will be much richer and stronger than it is now and, falling further government aid, will be in a position to handle the situation itself.

Imperial Valley has hardly started yet. It will continue to grow and develop. The coming year will be the biggest the valley ever had in growth and production. Values will be higher and more stable.

ACCIDENTALLY SHOT. Pedro Cordona, 32 years old, No. 668 Mission road, was accidentally shot in the jaw yesterday while he sat at his breakfast table. Apostle Earle, No. 694 Mission road, was cleaning a gun when the weapon discharged and has left nothing undone that it appeared wise to do. With the expected appropriation from the government, Imperial Valley need have no fear concerning its water supply for at least two years. Even if the appropriation should be hung up or delayed we shall find some way to cope with the situation, but probably not so completely as could be done with the aid of Congress.

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ACCIDENTALLY SHOT. Pedro Cordona, 32 years old, No. 668 Mission road, was accidentally shot in the jaw yesterday while he sat at his breakfast table. Apostle Earle, No. 694 Mission road, was cleaning a gun when the weapon discharged and has left nothing undone that it appeared wise to do. With the expected appropriation from the government, Imperial Valley need have no fear concerning its water supply for at least two years. Even if the appropriation should be hung up or delayed we shall find some way to cope with the situation, but probably not so completely as could be done with the aid of Congress.

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See Sunday papers for details of  
Year-End Sale of Suits, Coats and Dresses. Also  
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Fancy Wool Suitings, \$1.75 to \$2.50 values at \$1.50.

Little Tots' Hats, Coats and Dresses Reduced Prices!

Children's Coats  
Ages 2 to 6  
Fashionable coats made from zibeline, chinchilla and fancy mixtures.  
Regular Prices \$6.00 to \$8.50. \$5.00  
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Regular Prices \$9.00 to \$10.00. \$6.50  
Reduced to.....  
Regular Price \$12.50. \$10.00  
Reduced to.....  
Regular price \$16.00. \$12.50  
Reduced to.....

Children's Hats  
Velvet, Plush or Felt  
Sizes 2 to 6 Years  
Nobby hats for little tots. Delicately trimmed with ribbon and flowers.  
NOTE THE SAVINGS.  
REGULAR PRICES \$5.00  
\$7.50 to \$10.00, now \$3.75  
REGULAR PRICE \$5.00, now \$3.75  
REGULAR PRICES \$1.75  
\$2.25 to \$3.00, now \$1.75

Children's Dresses  
Ages 2 to 6  
REGULAR PRICES \$3.95  
\$4.50 to \$6.00, now \$3.95  
Wool dresses made from Shepherd checks or colored plaid effects. Some have hand embroidered plique collars. Others are trimmed with velvet ribbon.

Children's Wool Sweaters, Regular Values \$3.00 to \$4.50. \$1.95  
White with colored collars and cuffs. To close out at.....

ROUNDING UP THE PROWLERS.

TWELVE PERSONS ARE GATHERED IN POLICE NET.

Seven Men are Held as Suspicious Characters, and Five Others, Including a Woman, are Charged with Serious Offenses—Patrolmen Obeying Chief's Order.

Following Chief Sebastian's order for a general round-up of persons unable to explain their presence on the streets late at night, seven men were arrested yesterday morning. They are held in the City Jail as prowlers. In addition, five persons, one a woman, were arrested early in the morning and are held on more serious charges.

The seven held for prowling gave their names as John E. Piazza, 20 years old; Martin Piggarelli, 19; Domingus Sattelo, 37; John McCormick, 27; Elmar Surela, 37; Battrall Herbert, 25, and Jack Dover, 27. Piazza and Piggarelli were caught prowling near No. 2169 Echo Park avenue. Sattelo was arrested at Seventh and Spring streets, and McCormick near Fifth street and Central avenue. Patrolman Bustillos halted Surela at Third and San Pedro streets and Herbert was stopped at Tenth and Valencia streets at 4 o'clock in the morning.

Mrs. Eldora Aurela was halted at Fifth and San Pedro streets by Patrolman Bustillos. She held a handbag containing several purses. Unable to explain her presence on the streets at such an early hour, she is held on suspicion of being a pick-pocket. Jack Sullivan is charged with snatching a purse from the hand of an old man.

John Caldwell, 17 years old, is said to have admitted burglarizing the home of Mrs. Helen Schultz, No. 616 Juanita street. Demetro Juarez is held for attempted highway robbery. He is accused of attacking Pasqual Romero of No. 1621 Naud street in the Plaza. A man giving the name of Walter Crest is charged with stealing an ivory toilet set from the automobile of B. N. Holmes of 525 Washington building.

BOLD ROBBERY.

Two Bandits Hold Up Car Conductor within Few Feet of Crowd of Passengers.

While late Christmas shoppers and Los Angeles visitors, who were passengers on a crowded Pacific Electric car, laughed and chatted at Los Nietos Station early yesterday morning, the conductor of the car was held up and robbed a few feet away.

When Conductor Dooley, in charge of the car alighted to telephone to his dispatcher for orders, two passengers followed him. They covered their faces with masks and thrust a revolver toward the conductor. They demanded all of his money. Mr. Dooley gave them all he had—\$40—and the men disappeared, taking the Laguna road leading toward this city. The conductor reported the affair to his dispatcher, who informed the Los Angeles police.

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SUNSET MAGAZINE, 460 Fourth St., San Francisco, Cal.

Good News

Orders for the morning delivery in the city and for the "all day" motor cars will be received until 8:30 this morning. Here are some timely suggestions:

Fresh Pork Sausages—made early every morning, 40c per lb.  
New Eastern Buckwheat—\$1.40 for these cool mornings, 4 lbs. for \$1.00.  
Miller's Chili Sauce—made from the original Spanish Formula, 25c, 40c, 75c per bot.  
"Royal Taste" Cane and Maple.  
"La Crescents" Honey—choicest water-white strained, 25c to \$1.40 per can.  
"Fort" Red Kidney Beans—the most delicate of the bean family, 3 tins for 25c.  
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## Los Angeles Times

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## THE WORLD'S UNREST.

Right now revulsions are rampant in the Philippines. This is not necessarily an indication of special unrest on the part of the natives of those islands. The heart of the world is torn and it is possible that these ignorant people are only reflecting something of that strife which is today the tragedy of many nations.

## NO DANGER.

"The only real possibility of a war that I can see," said ex-President Taft in a recent address at Somerville, Mass., "is the wanton, reckless, wicked willingness on the part of a narrow section of the country to gratify racial prejudice and class hatred by flagrant breach of treaty rights in the form of State law, or by lawless violence. Congress should at once assume authority for the national government to see to it that it cannot be dragged into international difficulties through such blind selfishness, and this step should be quite as effective as improving our military defenses. Indeed, I think it would be more effective to prevent the possibility of war."

Mr. Taft did not name any State in this connection, but he was understood to refer to California. He was probably not aware of the fact that, while the Progressive State ticket was elected last month, it did not carry the whole Legislature and that there are enough Republicans and Democrats in the Senate and Assembly to defeat lunatic legislation.

## A NOTHER TRICK.

The shipment at San Francisco on board the Sacramento of a cargo of coal for Valparaiso and the "seizure" in the Pacific by U. S. German warships was so palpable a trick that when, with money supplied by the German Consul, Baron E. H. von Shalk, a cargo of groceries, clothing and ship chandlery was loaded at San Francisco on board the American steamship Olson and Mahony consigned to Valparaiso, clearance for the vessel was refused by the United States customs officers and the cargo was unloaded.

This action was not approved at Washington. The official view, as stated in the press dispatches, is that the German Consul or anyone else has a legal right to purchase supplies for a warship or for any other purpose, and to ship them on a vessel leaving San Francisco, provided that the goods are plainly billed for a neutral foreign port, such as Valparaiso in this case.

## CONFISCATING ENEMY PROPERTY.

When the war broke out there were vast sums of money due from English importers to German exporters, and equally great sums due from German importers to British exporters. Under international law this indebtedness was subject to seizure and confiscation as "enemy property." As stated by Justice Gray in 100 Mass. 561: "The law of nations as judicially declared prohibits all intercourse between citizens of the two belligerents which is inconsistent with the state of war between their countries; this includes any act or contract which tends to increase the resources of an enemy subject, whether by payment of money or delivery of goods."

The United States Supreme Court has held invalid all contracts between alien enemies.

Great Britain is unwilling to go so far as to relieve her merchants from their financial obligations to Germans incurred before the war or to collect and confiscate the same for their own benefit. A bill to meet the situation is pending in the House of Commons entitled "The Trading With the Enemy Bill." The main provision is the appointment of authority to receive and hold meantime enemy money and property which might otherwise reach hostile states in dividends, shares of profits and interest. There will be no confiscation, the object of the bill being to prevent additions to the resources of hostile countries until the end of the war.

## THE SAME BRYAN.

Once more William Jennings Bryan has made known that he hasn't changed. Evidence of the fact that he never changes has been adduced by him from time to time ever since he became, in 1896, the showman of the Democratic party, says the Journal of Albany, N. Y.

Mr. Bryan has issued a statement on the results of the November elections. Like proclamations of other spokesmen for the Wilson administration, it declares that a great Democratic victory was won. In that respect it is not more offensive to public intelligence than the others.

But the Secretary of State has included in his statement a paragraph that is distinctly Bryanesque. He says:

"Now that the election is over the protected manufacturers are already resuming work."

"Protected manufacturers," indeed! Use of that term at a time when manufacturers (and their workmen) are suffering from loss of protection is evidence of that extreme stupidity which presumes the public to be stupid. That stupidity is also evidenced by the further assertion that manufacturers deliberately ruined their business to produce effect for partisan advantage. Mr. Bryan never knew what business is and he remains as ignorant of it as he ever was.

If Mr. Bryan were in private life a statement from him could be regarded as negligible. But he is President Wilson's Secretary of State. That fact supports the belief that what he has just said was not without the President's knowledge and consent.

## MILITARISM AND SANITY.

Extremes are never wise. We all know that; we tell it to our friends day after day and tell it with a wise air as though long ago we had learned the lesson of moderation. But few individuals have and few nations have. And in this question of militarism we see nations, not building armies and navies in moderation, but either putting all of their energy and strength into martial forces, or else putting comparatively none of it into preparation. It is sad to make a national fetish of militarism; it is folly to disregard it.

The nations of Europe have gone to one extreme in militarism; the United States is standing almost at the other. We have a trained army of some 90,000 men; we have some 112,000 militiamen who are scarcely to be classed as trained soldiers—they are brave enough, willing enough to die and all that; but it is as much training as heretofore that makes efficient soldiers. Considering the wealth and size of this nation, our army is pitifully weak in numbers; we are one of the dominant powers of the world and certainly the dominating power of this hemisphere. We are held by honor to protect our possessions in all parts of the world, and we are bound by the tenor of the Monroe doctrine to protect our neighbors from foreign interference and to maintain order on this side of the world.

And yet every other first-class power has more than a million fighting, trained men. Most of these powers have made their preparations entirely for self-protection; some of them have made their preparations for national aggrandizement. And what would the United States do against the million and more—some of the nations have 5,000,000 and very few have less than 2,000,000—efficiently trained fighting men of some aggressive nation that wantonly forced a war against us? We are brave, it is true. Volunteers would rise up by the millions. But who would equip them? Who would train them? How could they be made ready to stand the shock of the efficient warriors from across the seas, seasoned fighters, armed with every essential equipment and trained—trained—trained!

We do not want a very great standing army. We, as a nation, would not endure a regime of militarism. We are a peaceful, commercial, industrious nation and have no desire to make war on our neighbors. And there's the rub. We do not want our neighbors or those who are not our neighbors to make war on us. We should be prepared. That man is not a bully who keeps himself in training, in good condition, and exercises his muscles. A fellow doesn't need to be a professional pugilist to be able to take care of himself when trouble arises—but he does need to be trained and prepared.

Col. Heistand, adjutant-general of the Central Department of the army, sanely called attention to our military unpreparedness in a statement which he issued Thursday. Perhaps he exaggerated slightly, but he said that we, as a nation, have never whipped an enemy worthy of our steel, and that we have been lulled into a false security by the colored reports of school histories. It is true that our histories are very one-sided, being written for popularity more than for accuracy.

And it was significant that on the morning we read Col. Heistand's statement there was on the same page the report of another insurrection in the Philippines. Why? The Philippines have contempt for the United States as a military nation. They reason among themselves after this manner: "We have been making trouble for the United States more or less continuously for the past ten years, and she has never done anything to us yet. We don't believe that she can. The United States seems to be a big bluff."

We have done very little from a military standpoint to the Philippines since Aguinaldo was captured; we have encouraged American industries to go to the island and invest capital and start developments; but we have made no adequate preparations to protect our citizens. Only recently, owing to our scarcity of soldiers, it was deemed necessary to withdraw practically all of the marines and many of the soldiers from the islands. The Philippines attributed their withdrawal to a military weakness on the part of this government.

Now we may not care what the Filipinos think, but we care what they do. And the only way to make them do certain things—among which is keeping the peace—is to make them think that we can and will mete out summary punishment for any rebellion—and that we are prepared to do it.

As Col. Heistand points out, we haven't enough trained soldiers to protect the city of New York. Why, our little army of 90,000 regulars, 112,000 militiamen and a million raw recruit volunteers would be a pitiful spectacle against almost any invading force. Volunteers can't be taught to shoot over night, nor in a month's time. They may be taught to point the gun and pull a trigger, but that is about all.

Now it is a known fact that if a man learns to be a good shot in his youth he remains a fair shot all of his life. And if a man learns the military routine—taking care of himself in camp, standing watches, protecting his feet when hiking, and the thousand and one little things that make the efficient soldier and which are not to be learned from books—then he is a prepared man all the remainder of his life. The training has been good for him physically, too. It has been a wholesome thing for the individual and for the nation.

And we could become a prepared nation almost without inconvenience. It does not occur to us as necessary that our young men should be conscripted into service and compelled to serve a given number of years, thus interfering with their business and plans. But they could be trained as they are being educated. We do not want a very great standing army, though one larger than that which we have would be advisable. The training has been good for him physically, too. It has been a wholesome thing for the individual and for the nation.

Marionville, the Boston shortstop, to whom the Federals have offered a contract of \$10,000 a year for three seasons, was playing in the back lots of Springfield, Mass., a few years ago. Don't say this is not a land of opportunity.

## "Well, Here Goes!"



## THE UBIQUITOUS TURK.

Turkey's role in the war seems highly diplomatic. Even now there is a little doubt as to which side she is on, where exactly she stands. For weeks she was facing both ways and now that she is declared to be definitely on the side of Germany, she is showing a peculiar and interesting hesitation.

True, yesterday's cables said something about a Turkish army about to march on the Suez Canal, but then again, we understand this army had marched on the Suez Canal several weeks ago.

The history of her recent diplomacy, as far as it has been published, is very complicated. In the beginning events were obscured by a mysterious sum of \$50,000,000, which was understood Germany was to loan Turkey but of which Germany was officially unaware. This little money question began to be mentioned somewhere about the end of October.

Early in November Yusuf Bey, Turkey's Ambassador at Berlin, made a ringing speech in which he said that "the great hour has arrived for settling Islam's account with its oppressors," that "Germany was fighting against a world of envy," and that "Turkey was about to take up a glorious position."

But in spite of this, that \$50,000,000 continued to float in this air and nothing much happened. Three days later there was a disaster in the Black Sea, when one of two things occurred, according to the witnesses for or against. Either Turkish ships bombarded certain Russian ports, according to the allies, or an unfortunate little misunderstanding resulted in an accident, according to Turkish explanations.

Then something seemed to happen to the little desert town called Akaba on the Red Sea. The English said Turkey did it and promptly blew up the town. Turkey denied the soft impeachment. At this stage Turkey was regarded as being at war on behalf of Germany and the \$50,000,000 was vaguely alluded to as a settled account. That was about November 4.

Whereupon Turkey appeared to gracefully retire from the proceedings and subside into an attitude of polite indifference. For the next day the Turkish Prime Minister gave his personal assurance that as far as he knew nothing in the nature of war had occurred as far as Turkey was concerned. When questioned by England about the \$50,000,000 he adopted an attitude of pained surprise and it was generally felt that some dastardly bound had absconded with that nice little haul before ever Turkey got a sight of it.

The Turkish Ambassador to England expressed assurances of good will and declined to leave the capital. And within an hour or so Constantinople, which is really all there is of concrete Turkey, proclaimed a holy war, which was intended to inflame all Islam—meaning British India, Persia, Tripoli, etc., as well as the Turkish Empire, against—well, of course, not Christianity, for Germany is a Christian nation, too, but against certain loose bits of Christianity that happened to belong to England. At the same time she gave some polite assurances to Italy that the holy war would not extend into Tripoli, where Islam was prepared to be mildly indulgent to the Christian dogs.

The holy war didn't mature on the prescribed lines, so Germany made some protests to her recalcitrant friend. Doubtful whether the correct signals had been given, feared the holy war was a despicable bluff. In the end Turkey, who has tried so hard to run with the fox and hunt with the hounds, is likely to please neither her friends nor her enemies. The inevitable fate of the fatal compromiser.

## BUSY CANADA.

The Dominion of Canada is one of the busiest countries in all the world. Its government is active in providing the Dominion's share of men and money, food and clothing for the allies in Europe, and in financing public works without the aid of European capital. Economic conditions have swollen the number of the unemployed not only in the cities and towns, but in the urban and suburban districts, and the government is undertaking to find work for these.

But the problem most difficult of solution is the policing of the vast area of the Dominion, undertaken as a preventive of disturbance within the country rather than a protection from invasion.

This work is entrusted to the mounted police. At the outbreak of the war these men expected to be ordered to the front. They were prepared to serve the empire again, as they did so nobly in South Africa. But they were practically all ordered back to the prairies, muskies and foothills of Central Canada. Then the force was increased in numbers. Hundreds of picked men were recruited, equipped and drilled, and have now followed the original members of the force into that 500,000 square miles of the empire's granary which lies between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains.

The necessity for this vigilance is explained by the immigration figures. There are 300,000 English-speaking settlers and 120,000 who represent nationalities directly connected with the European struggle, among them 4000 Turks, and these figures do not include the city populations of the three prairie provinces.

The Canadian government will not allow old-world feuds to interfere with the peaceful development of their new country. They do not credit the rumors that German freebooters are preparing to come north from the United States. They rely upon Uncle Sam to enforce his own neutrality laws against armed bands, and small companies of invaders, who should escape our vigilance and commit depredations in Canada, would be treated not as prisoners of war, but as criminals to be imprisoned at hard labor or hanged, according to their acts extended to assaults upon property or life.

Canada has expended \$40,000,000 for extra work in connection with war supplies and during the last four months has borrowed \$120,000,000, two-thirds of which has been obtained in the United States from sale of bonds of the Province of Ontario and of municipalities.

Building construction throughout the Dominion has decreased, but the exportation of manufactured goods has increased. Notwithstanding large exportations of grain, 60,000,000 bushels of wheat—enough to supply local needs for two years—remain in the country.

AS A MAN THINKS.  
So, we are told, is he:  
In his mind's mirror, of himself a part,  
He shall his own soul see.

The fairest lily, blooming in a pool  
Beneath the bluest sky,  
By hot, soiled hands snatched from the water cool,  
Will droop, and fade, and die.

The purest pearl of rare and precious thought,  
Dropped, in the course of time,  
Into an evil mind—though finely wrought,  
Is lost in mud and slime.

—Beatrice Barry, in New York Times.

He: Did it ever occur to you that I was in love with you? She: Certainly; haven't you ever noticed me laughing to myself? —[Topeka Journal.]

## ARMS AND THE WOMAN.

BY ALMA WHITAKER.

So it is officially announced that the women of England are to be drilled and armed for self-defense in the case of a German invasion.

For some time we have heard of the numerous women's rifle clubs that have been brought into being all over Great Britain and of the thousands of women that were flocking to them, but somehow it never sounded very real. We regarded it as a sort of game, a rather unwomanly form of sport.

Even the personal letters from our English women friends, wherein they told of their personal prowess with the rifle and the moving target, failed to convince us of the seriousness of the situation. We thought it all very far-fetched and remote.

But with the latest news of a real bombardment of the British coast by the German navy it all begins to assume reality. These women may actually be called upon to take life as well as to give, to nurse it, to save it. The Lord Mayor of London himself has called them to arms and is forming them into battalions. Colonels and officers of all kinds are actually being appointed, and a serviceable uniform designed!

One does not know whether to laugh or to cry. It is so grotesque, so funny, so sensible, so logical, so appalling.

Furiously for self-defense. That is what they say now. Germany's fleet was purely for the defense of her growing commerce. Belgium's army was purely for the defense of her neutrality. But there is such a fine line between defense and offense and it is unlikely that a nation in extremity would forego the use of a strong arm of military efficiency. For that it will be military efficiency there is not the slightest doubt. The endurance and ability of the English women has been proven time and again. They will fight and they will fight with subtle cunning. They will fight to the death. Women are tremendous gamblers; they will take astonishing risks. A nation of Joan of Arc's, a nation of Boadiceas, a nation of Amazons—the army that attempts to invade them would be up against the most hideous experience in the warfare of the world.

Given the extraordinary instincts of woman, combined with the accepted abeyance of the ethics of international warfare and the horrible scientific, murderous efficiency of modern weapons, an army of women furious is unthinkable in its terrors. What men learn laboriously women just know by instinct. When the diabolical cunning of the social leader is added to the weapons of modern warfare there can be no more terrifying foe.

With all its scientific and murderous excellence this is the most petty and unporting war on record. Women have long been accused of lack of the sporting instinct—and now they will come into their own. This war should be their war if they are to live up to their reputations.

Warfare nowadays is not a question of long, arduous marches, of singlehanded combat, of straightforward, individual skill and courage. It is a question of sly, feline surprises, of bomb-throwing upon unarmed citizens, of hidden mines, lurking submarines, spies, signals, masquerades under Red Cross flags, of deceit, of stabs in the back. Well, those have been the recognized weapons of the weak through the ages, and women have had centuries in which to become adepts in the arts.

If they can combine those weapons of the weak with the latest acquired strength—for the average Englishwoman is an athlete—then God help their enemy. Then, indeed, will he acknowledge that the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

But it is a terrible experience the first time one takes life. Have you ever killed a living thing larger than a fly, sister? When I was in Africa they taught me to shoot. Then one dreadful day I tried my skill on a living target. After much excitement and enthusiastic striving and much wasted shot, I brought down a little bird. The exaltation is extraordinary, but, oh, the horrible revulsion of feeling when one sees the warm, quivering, little body lying on the ground.

It haunts one for weeks afterwards. I imagine women like to wound, but not to kill. A gory wound that will heal—we can take a fiendish delight in that if he deserves it. But a corpse—that is going a shade too far.

But women soon get hardened to blood. Farmers' wives kill chickens without the slightest semblance of feeling, when many a city man would recoil in horror.

And the women doctors. They have a reputation for becoming curiously callous in less than no time; the end with them always justifies the means. It is much easier to get sympathy from a man than a woman in many cases. Women are rarely prepared to give their enemy any quarter. There is no fate too bad for him—or her—especially if he has held her cheap.

And this new army of warrior women is sure to be held cheap by an enemy in this war. "A contemptible female army" one can hear the enemy say. For traditions die hard.

Lord Kitchener has sanctioned this woman's army. Lord Kitchener does not despise women as he fears them. He knows.

## USE FOR THE WHEAT MONEY.

The Kansas Farmers Will Clean Up Old Accounts and Put Themselves on a Better Financial Footing.

[Washington Post:] "Almost everyone who meets a Kansan in the East wants to know what the farmers are going to do with the \$100,000,000 or more that they will receive for their wheat crop this year," said H. A. Selden of Topeka at the Raleigh. "They will find plenty of ways to spend it. In the first place, the farmers will pay out more than \$25,000,000 in taking up notes at the banks. Most farmers have had to borrow money for harvest expenses, and it is estimated that it will cost \$15,000,000 for this item alone. A conservative estimate will place the amount of other notes due by the farmers at \$10,000,000. The farmers have stretched their credit to the limit in most instances."

"Then they will have to pay out another \$25,000,000 to square accounts with their local merchants. This money will not remain in the hands of the merchants, but in turn will be paid out to the wholesalers, who will transfer it to the manufacturers, to be paid later to the bankers. All this exchange will relieve the situation."

"Perhaps another \$25,000 will be used in lifting mortgages due and undue for the farmers, when they get money, like to pay their obligations. Ten million dollars will be expended in the purchase of automobiles. There are probably 40,000 automobiles in Kansas. Last year there were purchased 10,000. If the farmers have not more than 10,000 machines in the off year, it is reasonable to expect that they will buy many when they are prosperous. Of the \$100,000,000, perhaps \$15,000,000 will go into the banks as a fund for the future."

## Pen Points: By the Sea.

Why discuss Easter stunts and Ladies, allow us to enjoy our cheer.

A fashion report says skirts will be this winter. There is where the girl will shine.

It would seem there was but one game in London just now—so hot at the German.

Some talk of reviving the game in Los Angeles. It is a sport—for the promoters.

Elephants are said to sleep hours a day. But they don't sleep at 6 o'clock last night, according to the police, when he touched the home of W. M. Spann.

What has become of the detective man who used to collect his wages of goose grease about this time of year?

Since the defeat of the prohibition from the Constitution, the state from Alabama is referred to as a three Sobson.

Authors are complaining about prices now current for stories and Buy a bale of manuscript and keep your things.

The only known objection to the climate is that it is simply too hot to say when it is perfectly safe to go in the fly screens.

It seems more apparent every day the country will be able to stand the attending the withdrawal of Y. M. C. from the Congress.

Speaking of the wrinkled brow, visaged war—there are Frobenius, the ko, Bochnia and Vianitch, with ships yet to hear from.

If the Interstate Commerce rules that railways may be by issuing passes the heart of the country editor will leap for joy.

It is more than possible that Bryan's advocacy of prohibition and suffrage is for publication only. He is out for any wind that blows.

The claim that there is no as Santa Claus was no doubt the junior member of the first & Marley. Read your Christmas.

The short session of Congress employed mostly on approval. That is something like putting sugar plums on the Christmas tree.

A lightning calculator is a astonished everybody with his ply had to quit when asked to income tax law. It was a crack.

The racing is going on and chances are that Paucity of the revenue for the state is playing a surer winner in the mutuals.

Italy has a seat in the doing a lot of rooting for the much cheaper than going to the thing Italy will be throwing a the umpire.

A New York judge has fox-trotting age ends of his Has he ever seen the Los born about the breaking of the shake their feet?

If Gov. Johnson insists on race for President on the 1916 let him remember the candidates approved by the recent New York election.

Would Senator Works have bidding persons in this nishing any food, clothing, want across the seas could next relief ship sails for help.

Hon. J. F. Garrett of Tennessee test with Hon. Claude K. Carolina for the championship of "T. Y." spent Christmas here, looking for a "highway" Congressman Moss of West ought to be somewhere on the

Senator-elect Phelan has by President Wilson to charges against Minister Domingo, the right before of this may cause another The job will give plenty to recoup some of his campaign expenses.

BROTHERS.  
Brothers, we are children of the

Valiant, fearful, haughty, close to class or clan. Split in sordid, narrow creeds that bless or curse. But brothers, we are brothers of man.

O brothers, we are children of man,  
With step elate the million man,  
The battle was;  
They die like sheep in God, send peace again.  
O brothers, we are brothers of man?

The sects of air that fly, forous mission bent,  
Now sing their death the fiery firmament,  
Where soft the ocean where the breakers Squat on their lips, the saying, hounds of hell.

O brothers, 'tis the Europe's soul is stricken for of her soul.  
The great world heart is send peace again.  
And brothers still be—  
—[Robert Loveman in the

Ulls

## REVENGE?

## UD SPATTERS ARSON ALIBI.

WITNESSES SAY THEY SAW FIREBUG AT WORK.

Party Quarrels with Wife and is Ejected. Place Afire, Ends Festivities and Nearly Burns up Woman, Poetess—House Destroyed.

Edward Davis, colored, of No. 418 street, broke up a jolly house about 6 o'clock last night, according to the police, when he touched the home of W. M. Spann.

Spann, 2704 Council street, reducing his wife and nearly burning up Anna Davis, the suspect's wife, who was arrested by Detectives Winn and Brown and locked up on a charge of arson.

The officers declare they saw three witnesses who told them Davis applied the match.

Spann, who told them that he had been the scene of many party episodes during the past few days, was arrested on February 2, 1914, when James B. Clark shot and killed Davis.

The two have been separated nearly a year and yesterday morning while guests in the residence, Mr. Spann is said to have ended the fight between him and his wife by driving him from the house and ejecting him from the

Spann's departure of Davis from the house party, according to the spirit of the Tuleide and were enjoying themselves the most when smoke and fire from the cellar brought the house to an end. In an endeavor to remove her to the hospital, Mrs. Spann was severely injured about the face.

Spann King, No. 2701 Hyams street, the officers saw Davis apply the match and then run toward his Virginia home. When the detectives found the latter address they found him in bed and his children said he was in the house since 3 o'clock afternoon. Davis could not be fresh mud sticking to his

Spann home and its contents valued at \$1500. They were in the house since 3 o'clock afternoon. Davis could not be fresh mud sticking to his

POWER JOINS WIFE IN DEATH.

PLANS FOR FUNERAL, ATTENDS DANCE AND KILLS HIMSELF.

because for the first time years he could not spend with his wife, who died yesterday morning after making plans for his funeral.

William Mohler, a bricklayer, 54-year-old, shot and killed himself yesterday morning after making plans for his funeral.

Flower streets and shot himself in the heart. Two days before he had been an acquaintance, Mrs. Mohler, that he might die in the hospital. He wished to have in order in such an event, so he went to the Overholzer and everything was prepared for the possible death. She asked to be buried beside his wife at Inglewood

neighbors heard the shot. He was extinct before a police officer could reach the receiving station with the man.

Nerby, who attended the dance with Mr. Mohler, remembered this morning to be in the hospital. She also received a letter left by the dead man.

## JOHN GOES EAST.

John Bowman Who Survived Fall Killed Companion Gets Leave

Army Aviation Corps, stationed at Fort Howard, San Diego, who test with Hon. Claude K. Carolina for the championship of "T. Y." spent Christmas here, looking for a "highway" Congressman Moss of West ought to be somewhere on the

Senator-elect Phelan has by President Wilson to charges against Minister Domingo, the right before of this may cause another The job will give plenty to recoup some of his campaign expenses.

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With step elate the million man,  
The battle was;  
They die like sheep in God, send peace again.  
O brothers, we are brothers of man?

The sects of air that fly, forous mission bent,  
Now sing their death the fiery firmament,<



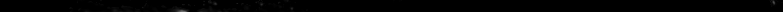


Figure 1. The study area, showing the location of the study area in the north-east of Iran, and the location of the study area in the north-east of Iran.



Eng: ELMHYE SNOWDEN & CO., me  
Hros: PIATOV & GLASER, Whirlwind  
and 8 p. m. Pathe Twice-a-Week News

ORRETT, SHEPARD & DUNOVAN, who  
gs and Dances; DIVING SEALS, Travi  
Dancers. Symphony Orchestra. Concert  
View.

It is the only business nowadays  
that does not have to be regulated.

their natural state to support human life.

"Tess of the Stor

n Country" 0140, 0141

was standing at | tric direct in  
springs.—[Ad



\_\_\_\_\_



**BARBED WIRES TO HALT ARMY.**

**THE THORNY STRANDS REACH THEIR ULTIMATE USE.**

The Farmer's Device to Keep His Cattle in the Field has Developed into a Defensive Medium that is Being Much Used in the European War.

[New York Times:] When Joseph P. Glidden, a farmer of De Kalb, Ill., back in 1872, got the idea of making fences with barbs on them, he had no more harmful design than to teach horses, cattle and hogs, by the prickles they might receive, that wire fences were meant to keep them in or out.

When Uncle Sam on December 24, 1874, gave Farmer Glidden the Christmas gift of a patent on his new device, his idea was heralded to the world. The western prairies, with their lack of fencing materials, had tried single strands of wire, but they availed little, and the whole consumption of wire for fencing in 1874 was only fifty tons. Glidden's barbs made the cattle chafe and the farmers soon saw their worth. In ten years the wire fences had increased 10,000-fold, and in ten years more its growth had been the foundation of the wire trust.

But Glidden reaped small reward from his invention. On February 23, 1893, when the United States Supreme Court upheld his claims and he was able to exact royalty on all the fences that had been strung before, he lived fourteen years to enjoy it, and died in his home town in 1914, at the age of 92.

Quite naturally some animals inclosed by Glidden's fencing gashed themselves on the barbs. Just as naturally men and boys tried to climb over or under these fences and have their clothes and their flesh torn. These wounds upon man and beast and the suddenness with which Glidden's barbs halted all living things came to the attention of military men and the barbed wire entanglement of which we now read almost every day in the war news was born.

And it may be said right here that soldiers who have been halted by wire entanglements while making a charge or maneuvering for a new position say the devil never invented anything nastier. Bullets and bayonets make wounds that cause no suffering or that shock sensibility, but barbed wire tears and annoys and gives no escape.

Possibilities seen by American military students in barbed wire were soon carried to the armies of Europe and engineers in every country in the world were put to work devising means for using this new device. Natural forerunners of the barbed wire entanglement were the Roman soldiers had defended their positions with abatis. They had cut off their barbarian enemies by felling trees, sharpening the ends of the branches and massing them with their points turned away from the Eternal City. Pikes—sharp-pointed poles—had been planted in the earth in front of armies for their enemies to wound themselves against or to halt the onrush of a charge till the pikes could be removed or scaled.

Then later, as Europe advanced in wealth and more money and skill were put into devices offensive and defensive, the cheval-de-frise came into vogue and up to the time barbed wire supplanted it, military people looked upon it as highly effective in some circumstances. The cheval-de-frise is a log of wood, usually square, 8 inches by 9 inches and 12 feet long. Through this log holes are bored six inches apart, and into these holes sharp-pointed stakes of wood or iron are driven. This makes a device that resembles a series of exaggerated saw bucks. At the ends of the log are rings by which they may be locked together, making an obstruction of any desired length that cannot be rolled aside, cannot be vaulted by cavalry, or climbed by infantry till the stakes are broken off or bent aside.

But the use of the cheval-de-frise is limited. Like abatis and fraises, it is valuable for guarding the approach to a permanent position, where there is ample time for building and placing it. The cheval-de-frise is useful for barricading a street or road, and till recently European armies carried with them the materials and artisans to put them together. The material for four cheval-de-frises would be a load for two horses. A mile of the special, fine, steel barbed wire made for military purposes weighs from 90 to 100 pounds. And be it remembered that for cruelty and strength this military wire is a hundred times more efficient than the ordinary agricultural fence wire of commerce.

Nobody outside of the European armies now at war knows how they are using barbed wire entanglements or in what form they are building them, for the engineers of each army are constantly devising new methods, and these new ideas are not divulged, even in time of peace. But the dispatches tell of cavalry and infantry running headlong into meshes of unyielding steel thorns, that rouse the imagination to the horror of the wounds they inflict. One use for barbed wire that seems to be new is reported from Belgium. There certain roads that it was desirable to have passable to the people of the country, were made impassable to an army by building zigzag fences from side to side. The peasant, going to market, might pass by traveling slowly and double distance, but an army could not thread such a maze and must halt to destroy it.

While the European armies probably have built entanglements on new plans, a description of how an entanglement might be effectively constructed, issued this the instruction of the British army a few years ago, will give the layman an idea of the effectiveness of such defenses. First, the ground to be protected and over which the enemy must pass, is laid off in five-foot squares. At each corner of each square a post is driven into the ground till eighteen inches remains above the surface. This system of squares extends, indefinitely along the line to be defended, and the common practice is to make it six squares deep, thus insuring an entanglement thirty feet wide through which the attacking forces must pass. The wire is strung from post to post and fastened with staples. Then other wires are strung diagonally from posts at opposite corners, and are crossed again and again, till a network as intricate as a bramble patch stands high enough from the earth to throw a horse or a man, among the terrible steel thorns. The staples are not driven home, nor are the wires stretched. If the wires were taut they could be cut with a sword or bayonet blow. As they are constructed the wire gives under the blow and the only way that has been

## 75c Photograph Frames at 22c

Luncheon, 50c

—Tomato Bouillon—Chicken Pot Pie, family style—Mashed Potatoes—Salad a la Hamburger—Coffee, Tea or Milk.

—Have your luncheon charged to your account if you choose. (Cafe Beautiful—Fourth Floor)

—Made photo frames—powdered gold finish, in various tones, complete with glass and back. Sizes 4x6, 4 1/2 x 6 1/2, 5x7, 6x8, 7x9 and 7x11 inches. About 150 frames at this underprice, today—25c each.

**\$1.00 Photo Frames at 33c**

—Another equally attractive under-priced group of fine wood frames, sizes 6x8, 7x9 and 7x11 inches. (Hamburger's—Third Floor—Today)

**Hamburger's**  
BROADWAY EIGHTH  
AND—HILL STREETS  
SUNSET BDWY. 1168 — HOME 10063

## \$2.95 Human Hair Switch, \$1.00

—A "special" of unusual economy interest. Save more than a dollar and a half on one of these switches today.

—Of real natural wavy human hair in 3 separate stem style. No gray in the lot.

(Second Floor—Today)

**Strawberry Buttercups 20c**

—Special—35c strawberry buttercups, at 20c each. No phone orders, money refunded and a limit of 5 pounds a customer. (Main Floor—Today)

# Holiday Sales!

## Thousands of Soiled Handkerchiefs

—Underpriced because they have been soiled or rumpled from elaborate holiday display.

—So great was the rush for these pretty kerchiefs by Christmas shoppers that the salespeople had little time to fold them carefully when displays were changed each day. As a result they are slightly soiled or crumpled—as fine as ever in quality, now all repriced a great deal less.

**10c and 15c Lines, 5c**

—Plain linen, Irish cambric and novelty handkerchiefs; with 1/2-inch and 3/4-inch hems.

**12 1/2c 25c**

—they were 20c to 35c

—Fine linen and novelty kerchiefs; hand-embroidered or fancy lace edge finish. (Hamburger's—Main Floor—Today)

**75c to \$1.50 Neckwear, 35c**

Slightly rumpled from holiday display

—Hundreds of pieces—lace, embroidery, Swiss lawn and organdie neckwear—which one tubbing will make as spruce as new—just think of the saving.

**25c to 50c Neckwear, 19c**

—Roll back, organdie sets and fancy Platen collars—an immense assortment in many styles. It's only because they are slightly soiled or rumpled that we have repriced them so low. In quality they are all you could ask for, even at original prices. (Hamburger's—Main Floor—Today)

## Coats, Dresses

Formerly \$18.50 and \$20

Sensational, yes, the sensation of the year—this clearance price on coats and dresses of handsome materials and up-to-the-moment styles. Two weeks ago they carried even higher price tags—today every garment will be dropped to the lowest price notch of the season—\$10.

**50 Coats Today \$10.00**

—Chic styles for street, motor and afternoon wear; broadcloth, cheviot, mixtures and plaids—all wool materials of exceptional quality—this is what you will find. Only 50 of them—make a memo to shop first in the wearing apparel department this morning. All sizes in the lot, though, of course, not every style in every size.

**75 Dresses at \$10.00**

—Of charmeuse, crepe de chine and novelty silks—some so lately designed that they will be in style even until spring. All sizes and colors in the assortment, too.

—Think what it means! A dainty dress for practically any occasion—and at \$10 they're wonder values. Look ahead to the many afternoons, the semi-formal dinners, the home parties and all the little social affairs of the winter—and select a dress or two from this wonderfully underpriced lot. You'll enjoy the economy of such a shopping trip and later you'll take delight in wearing the dresses—they're so very pretty. (Hamburger's—Second Floor—Today)

## \$10.00



This Coat \$10.00

Experienced extra salespeople to help you make satisfactory selection.

## \$1 to \$2.50 Jewels

—One, two or a few of a kind, dreds of high-grade novelties, all going into one great lot at 50c for this day event.

—Just as pretty, too, as they were the day before Christmas—but such a just difference in price.

—By selling in quantities we have made ratio of profit. The odd pieces and odds are now to be disposed of quickly without regard for former cost or selling price, so we may use the space they occupy for merchandise. Included in this extensive 50c group are—

—Brooches — La Vallieres  
—Cuff Links — Bracelets  
—Bar Pins — Purses  
—Scarf Pins — Vanity Cases  
—Bead Necklaces — Long Chains  
(Hamburger's—Main Floor—Today)

**\$2.50 to \$5.00 Wrist and Leather Hand Bags**

**\$1.50**

—After the Christmas rush we have all broken lines of \$2.50 to \$5.00 and handbags into one lot and repriced them to \$1.50. Some of the most popular styles of the season are included—some instances only one or two of each.

—Leather, silk, beaded and novelty class staple and novelty effects for dress or general utility use—\$1.50. (Hamburger's—Main Floor—Today)

# Rousing Holiday Sale!

Men's \$12.50 and \$15.00

## Suits and Overcoats

**\$8.85**

—For less than a "ten-spot" you can buy a suit of clothes or an overcoat that will do the honors of "togs" that you've paid double for—clothing that is full \$12.50 and \$15.00 value in every particular of quality, workmanship, service-giving, yes, and smartness, at \$8.85—think of it. It is the one "best bet" of the year along "Broadway."

**All-Wool Suits, Men!**

—Tweeds, cassimeres, chevots and those nobby Scotch mixtures that college chaps and young men about town are so enthusiastic over grays, tans, browns, stripes and checks. Two and three-button models, with long lapels, natural shoulders, close-fitting collars. Six-button vests, straight-cut trousers. Some Norfolk among them, too.

**The Overcoats**

—Many of Them Are Cravenetted

—All-wool double-faced fabrics, many of them cravenetted, to keep you snug and comfortable through wind and rain. In grays, tans, browns and blue mixtures; with convertible collar and wind shield on sleeve; some are part lined, others full lined. All are coats for which you'd readily pay \$12.50 and \$15.00 and be proud of your keen shopping sense. Sizes for men and young men—Saturday just 100 to sell at \$8.85.

**Yes, Genuine Austrian Velour Hats at \$2.45**

—Just 140 in the lot, hats that were high favorites at \$3.50—genuine Austrian velour, in nobby tans, browns, green and grays; light in weight, too. A good range of the most wanted sizes. (Hamburger's—Men's Store—Main Floor—Today)

deviled to get through an entanglement is to stop and cut each wire with snippers. These snippers are carried by soldiers nowadays, but it is a long job to get through, for every wire must be cut at every post. Wire by tons and posts by thousands are carried with the armies, for be it invasion or defense no general knows when he will have the enemy behind him. In placing entanglements deep grass, tall grain fields, and thickets are selected, where possible, for the effectiveness of the wire is far greater

## Girls' \$7.50 Coats, \$3.50

—Just one hundred—specially selected from our own stocks for quick clearance, together with an advantageous purchase bought greatly underprice and marked at \$3.95 for this Saturday event.

—Cost-buying day today for mothers who have girls of 6 to 14 years. The values are extraordinary, the economy well worth while. Coats of chevots, mixtures, sibilines and novelty fabrics—all colors and styles to please every girl's taste.

**Today—Girls' \$3.50 to \$5.00**

**Serge Dresses \$1.95**

—Picturesque styles for girls of 6 to 14 years. Of dependable serge in plaids or plain colors; same trimmed with sou-tache braid—others braid-embroidered in colors; mostly in blue.

—Such practical dresses they are, too—for every-day and school wear. One or two will go a long way toward replenishing daughter's wardrobe for the rest of the winter. (Hamburger's—Second Floor—Today)

**Trimmed Hats \$2.45**

**Models That Were Formerly Priced at \$7.50 to \$10**

—In fact, until two weeks ago their duplicates sold for these prices. Today the 110 remaining models will be grouped into one lot at one price—\$2.45—for immediate disposal.

—Of silk velvet with trimmings of tips, flowers, ribbons and fancy novelties; so recently designed that they'll be in good style far into next season. Shop tomorrow for your mid-season hats—wonder values await you. (Hamburger's—Second Floor)

**Boys' \$5 to \$8 WOOL SUITS \$2.95**

—Broken size assortments from our best and most idly selling lines now drastically underpriced for a clearance. An opportunity to outfit the boys who are welcomed by mothers who believe in saving money can do so without sacrificing service.

—Smart Russian sailor effects in rough tan, gray mixtures, blue serge and blue and brown mixtures. Just think of the value—\$5.00 to \$8.50 suits, now \$2.95.

**\$4 and \$5 Overcoats \$2.95**

—After-Christmas stock rearrangement has resulted in the repricing of an attractive collection of our cloth convertible collar overcoats for boys of 10 to 17 years.

—Choice of gray, tan and dark brown mixtures and heringbone weaves, lined throughout and with belted backs. Another economy offering that will bring scores of mothers to Hamburger's today.

**Boys' & Juveniles' Hats 25c**

—Another clearance, and we advise early choosing, as there are hats in the assortment. Hats of wool and felt in shapes for boys and girls; and all sizes from 2 1/2 to 10 years to begin with. (Hamburger's—Boys' Section—Second Floor—Today)

The Crisis in Southern Cotton. [Springfield Republican:] The South's condition with relation to the cotton crop seems to be more serious than has been realized in the North. When the government authorized the issue of emergency currency, with warehouse receipts for cotton as security, there was a disposition to assume that the South's problem was simply one of holding the crop for higher prices, with the aid which the banks could give. In the case of the weather plants this can be done; but the small farmers and tenants, who constitute the great majority of cotton growers—at least in most parts of the South—are in dire straits. The present situation, with cotton quoted at less than 8 cents a pound, while the cost of production is from 8 to 10 cents, is a condition of paralysis. According to a correspondent in South Carolina, whose statement it is possible to quote: "We are absolutely at sea; unless we can market our money crop, we will go back to the conditions of the sixties for a year."

**OS A Plus**

1914 With Year—New Series Volume VI, No. 14

ILLUSTRATED, AR PHRASES

THE UNEXP ARRIVAL OF RESULTED IMMEDIATE ACTIVITY

1915

ILLUSTRATED, AR PHRASES

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THE UNEXP ARRIVAL OF RESULTED IMMEDIATE ACTIVITY

1915



Air Switch, \$1.25

Strawberry Buttercups 20c

Special—25c strawberry buttercups, at 20c a dozen. No phone orders, none delivered and a limit of 5 pounds to a customer. Main Floor—Today

ed Merchandise

Manufacture

\$2.50 Jewelry

50c

two or a few of a kind, but high-grade novelties, all grouped in a great lot at 50c for this Holiday.

pretty, too, as they were the day before—just such a vast difference.

in quantities we have made a great lot. The odd pieces and broken bits to be disposed of quickly without former cost or selling price, as they take the space they occupy for other items. Included in this extraordinary lot—

- La Vallée
- Bracelets
- Purses
- Vanity Cases
- Long Chains

to \$5.00 Wrist Bag

Weather Hand Bag

\$1.50

the Christmas rush we have a list of \$2.50 to \$5.00 and have them into one lot and reduce to \$1.50. Some of the most popular of the season are included, and some only one or two of each.

with, beaded and novelty handbags and novelty effects for display utility use—\$1.50.

—Main Floor—Today

s, \$3.95

WASH. DEC. 25. (AP)—The

the allies' attacks upon

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armies appear to have

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The Germans in their

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Fog has interfered with

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# Los Angeles Times

## Illustrated Weekly

The Magazine of the Sensuous Southwest

1914 Year-Now Series Volume VI, No. 24 SATURDAY DECEMBER 26, 1914. Single Copies, by mail, Or at News Agencies, | TEN CENTS

### Recent Cartoons.

**COLORED GLASSES.**

HERE, UNCLE! LOOK THROUGH THESE FOR A WHILE—THEY'RE "GOOD FOR SORE EYES!"

1915

—Los Angeles Times

**THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.**

THE UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL OF INFANTRY RESULTED IN AN IMMEDIATE ACTIVITY

—Chicago Post.

**ILLUSTRATED—AIR PHRASES**

—Chicago Post.

**BETWEEN FRIENDS!**

—St. Louis Republic.

**THROWING A SCARE INTO HIM.**

—New York World.

**THE DAY AFTER.**

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In E

# Times

Liberty Under L  
PRICE 2½ CENTS

m.

## REFUSE

### G

Question of  
Brusse

President Wil  
Post Wherever  
do Nothing t  
Territory.

WASHINGTON, D. C. (AP)—The United States government tonight gave no notification from American consuls, ordered to Belgium, would obtain new exequaturs of authority. Until communicated and it is assumed, high officials of the American government would determine a course of action. Officials here regard the involved as of a delicate nature and would say only that they are studying various precedents in making a decision.

In reply to a question as to the status of Belgium, President Wilson replied that, of course, the American Minister to Belgium had left the country and Mr. Whitlock is now dealing unofficially with military authorities, but to the Belgian government is at Havre, France.

**CONSULAR OFFICIALS**

The status of consular officials is given specified directions to exercise their authority in a more complex position. There has been no general change in the past on this subject, but the precise term "occupied" was a definition adopted by the United States in 1899, to which all countries of the world were invited. By that definition, a country is regarded as "occupied" if it is placed in fact under the authority of the hostile power, and the occupation only extends to the territory where this authority is established and in a position to maintain it.

Under that definition

## FOG SCREEN

### IN BA

(BY

LONDON, Dec. 25, 1914. (AP)—The Austro-German operations against the allies' attacks upon the western front have made appreciable progress, although the fighting continues along the line of the two fronts with intensity. In both cases the armies appear to have been checked against what seems to be impenetrable lines.

The Germans in their announcement that they have attacks on the Baura River with the Russian masses stands across their direct line of communication in Warsaw.

Fog has interfered with the fighting in Flanders, but along the road to Ypres, the German advance has been checked.

at any time since Madero was assassinated, but has practically ruined the country.

Kallis.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25. (AP)—Prominent Republicans and Senators are advocating a platform for the strengthening of the Monroe doctrine as an issue for the next campaign.

QUEBON'S NOTION

There is one person in Washington who declares that the reports are fictitious, created for the purpose of defeating action on the Jones limited liability bill.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25. (AP)—The Women's Club, the United Artists, the United Ever Known, the United Local Society, the United Society Notes.

\$2.95



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Los Angeles, California

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Reconstructed Jan. 6, 1912.  
 Jan. 4, 1913, and May 31, 1913.

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On second-class matter January 6, 1912, at Los Angeles, Cal., under Act of March 3, 1879.

## Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

Weekly Issue Over 91,000

## Los Angeles AND HER NEIGHBORS.

SOON as the Panama Canal commerce gets into full swing the "Made in Germany" slogan will have its way to "grown in California."

His plan of boosting native music in California is all right, provided the boosters do not insist on having it all sung by native voices.

One of the good things about Californians is that they do not bury talent in a napkin. The spirit of hoarding is not in them. They find it more profitable to invest.

The sea cut loose for a few hours from the southern coast line one day and left the builders of the coast something to think about. One-fourth of the shore line in California would make ideal seaside resorts.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA is not a home nor long on litigation, but it has more good lawyers than probably more bad ones than anywhere on the earth at any point in the history of territory. Los Angeles has more than 1200, and they all seem to be doing well. It would be hard to get into trouble here, but easy to get out.

It is getting to be a great city for the merry little cabaret. Some wag called them cabawretches. Anybody gets music with his food in the big cafes in town. One gets a 15-cent sandwich and be sure gets 50 worth of entertainment into the bargain. Some of the places have orchestras that make a noise like a comedy.

It has been the pleasure of Los Angeles for two weeks to entertain one of the Denver now anchored in port. Several of the smaller torpedoes have also been here. Officers and men alike have proved delighted visitors. They have thronged in our hotels, cafes and restaurants, and have been treated with the greatest courtesy. They say that the big fleet was here years ago.







across the Pacific and up and down the coast of America, coming from the complications resulting from the European war.

What ought to be done is to pass a law without undue restrictions which will encourage capital to develop this electric power from the waterfalls of the State and thus increase the wealth and comfort of the whole population.

### Passing o' the Pugs.

The dingy hulk of Uncle Tom's cabin may as well be dismantled. The pilgrimages out Vernon way are ended and the boxing business is buried beneath the terms of a law so drastic that a man cannot even think in rounds.

California is becoming so villainously virtuous that even now a man is sometimes denied his inherent right to beat up his own wife or a minister's son.

About the only possibilities remaining in the fight game are for a couple of nurses to get together at the missionary meeting and slap each other with sofa pillows for four rounds of three minutes each, with one minute between for hot chocolate and deep breathing.

Such a red-handed and raw-fisted gladiatorial combat as John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain offered the unkempt natives of New Orleans is so far from being possible in reformed California that it is even forbidden to shed the blood of a man who voted for Cocklebur Heney or to clinch with a Prohibitionist.

The Penal Code amendment as decided by public initiative at the polls in November is the most complete and sweeping knockout the knockout game ever experienced. It is not even possible for a battling promoter to live in this State and maintain an interest in a fighting club or arena at New Orleans or elsewhere. If our Tom McCarey hints at hitching up Ad Wolgast and Packy McFarland—even if the meeting is slated for Milwaukee, he immediately becomes an undesirable citizen and may be fined a thousand dollars a hint or thrust into jail for a year.

Battling for boodle is not only forbidden in our sunny State, but under a rigid enforcement of the law one dare not even offer to bet a nickel on the result of a ring contest in another commonwealth. Technically, a Los Angeles paper would be forbidden to print a challenge or defiance of Willie Ritchie directed at Freddie Welsh, although the meeting were scheduled for New Orleans. If you were a passenger on the Santa Fe you could not give a ticket to a New York fight club to a fellow-traveler until after you had crossed the State line. Neither principal nor assistants can train in this State for a contest to take place either here or elsewhere. Joe Rivers will have to take his fleet of gasoline gondolas into a more hospitable commonwealth or else go to work tending bar or selling real estate. Even poor Scissors O'Brien may have a price upon his head. Furthermore, a referee or physician who is to serve at a mix-up in some other State is liable to be ptnched by the cops if he is found on the thoroughfares of our pure and beautiful city.

Of course the prime intent of the new law is to completely cripple commercialized boxing in California, but all the pains and penalties connected

with the offensive profession in this State may be applied to participants and satellites of outside contests if they are found within the borders of California.

It is a good thing that Jim Jeffries has reformed and gone into the saloon business. If in an unguarded moment he should offer to beat Jack Johnson's face into blackberry marmalade—for money, he might at once be haled before a magistrate as a malefactor of the deepest dye and fined a dollar or a thousand years in jail—or vice versa.

Most of the people who voted for it do not realize the stringency of "the fight amendment." It is so far-reaching and comprehensive that even if a man is suspected of fostering a fight contract for the future he may be brought into court and compelled to give a bond of \$3000 or more that he will do nothing of the kind for a year.

Every spectator of a ring contest is guilty of a misdemeanor and subject to like punishment as a principal. The owner of the building or ground where a contest is staged is also a villain and can be deprived of both gold and freedom as punishment for his sins.

Amateur boxers can get together at pink teas and spar four rounds for a dinky little medal, but even this is not permitted on Sundays or Memorial Day. The red and ruddy days of hammer-and-tongs contests in the roped arena are relegated to the halls of remembrance.

When the tourist comes here he should bring his own automobile if he can afford to. It is perfectly true that the jitney bus will take him sixty blocks for 5 cents and that some of our machines rent for as little as \$1 an hour, but this is a country where the roads are good and are kept that way. It is a country, too, where a machine may run every day in the year, and the man who can afford one will get more joy out of it than from any other investment of its size that he could possibly make.

Have you gone down the streets of Los Angeles one day in our brief rainy season and noticed the violets on any of the street flower stands? They have rain in their faces; they hold the blue of the skies. Los Angeles sometimes takes its flowers too much for granted. Our floral shops are classics. They are extravagant in their beauty. Nothing could be at once so chaste and so sumptuous, yet we wish our street stands would make more of a display.

No other city in the world, and not even the big show places of Europe, have so many permanent residents who have retired from active business life. The explanation is simple. They come here because it is the land of almost cloudless sky. It is a place where the people wallow in climate every day in the year. It wears the perpetual smile of the sun and always a garland of flowers.

The Southern Pacific is having a good time with construction in this State these days. It is finishing its big new passenger depot in Los Angeles, an immense overhead ferry in the north and spending \$200,000 on bridges as flood protection, evidently this corporation is not afraid of competition from jitney busses.

In the past year in Los Angeles about a dozen people have died leaving more than a million dollars each. Rich people who die take nothing away with them, but what they leave is a sight of satisfaction to the lawyers and the heirs.

## The War of the Sexes

By Henry C. Warnack.

NEARLY any book on sex would be monstrous. There are countless examples which go a long way to prove this assumption. It is the sort of a proposition where many think they are called and none are chosen.

A book on the sexes, rather than upon sex, might interest the world a great deal. It could say a lot and then not tell half of the truth.

Right now society is at a point where it thinks it has a lot of big problems to solve between men and women, and it is giving this subject much earnest and useless thought.

There is a very common idea abroad in the land that men and women hate each other. Now, the truth is, they do not hate each other; they only hate themselves. Moreover, a big majority of the feeling entertained on this subject at present is individual. A few unhappy and mistaken persons would like to imagine that the men and women of the whole world had gone to smash, or had nearly done so.

The blessed truth is that a great many men and women have gone the even tenor of their mistaken ways without finding personal happiness or success, and nothing would please them better or console them more than to charge their own failure either to present sociological conditions or to prevailing systems of government. The minute a fellow cannot get on, the easiest thing in the world to do is to raise his feeble voice against the system.

Sociologically this stream of malcontents strikes first of all at the root of all good instead of all evil. They want to cry down marriage by saying that the marital system is wrong. The fact about marriage today is just what it always was, and what it always will be. No one can possibly invent anything better or different from the first feeling in love and the eternal pledge that goes with it. As long as men are sound and good and women are wholesome and sweet the institution of marriage will remain just what it is. It will be approached on precisely the same terms and maintained on the same standard.

The man who is big enough in himself and sure enough of himself to be halfway worthy of the love and comradeship of a good woman will want only the one, will dedicate his life to her, and will know at the beginning and at the end that neither his labor nor his love could half pay either her or life for the great gift of her affection and the joy of their home together.

They will bear sons and daughters as the fit heirs of life and worthy of the citizenship of their country. They will meet the plan of what some call evolution and some call God by surrounding their children with the sanest and most beautiful environment possible to their means, to the end that these children may increase in understanding and gladness, and that the race may expand and refine upon the development of those faculties which are finally rolled up into one blazing stream of light called consciousness.

This is the great purpose, because in it is the growth of the race and the fruition of it, and there will never come a time when there is anything better in sight than the bearing of better children to enjoy a world made sounder and brighter by the sincere men and women who devote lives of earnestness and purpose to this end.

God will not be mocked, nor will Nature, and there never can be a stage of development when the human race can avoid everything natural in responsibility.

The idea that men and women can

have different issues at fight them out along different only a sickness of the world—one that Nature will not cause it is Nature.

The world happens to be women who imagine they avoid the responsibilities of It is not a long sickness, disease, while the new-born life as the Lord created it ing to man's heritage.

In this day women are ernment, and for the blinded with the idea that to which they are giving tion. The fact is that advances it only needs better and civic housekeeping, are not going out of their they undertake to have a children shall be born. leaving their homes, although look to some of them as true. On the contrary, doing their fair share in country the foundation homes in which better enjoy superior opportunities.

For the same reason they ing their homes for business sum of their efforts will strengthen and purify rounding labor and economic end that their sons and daughters earn more with less expense cal energy and the positive culture.

The world is not to ineine women, nor to reduce force or the worth of men, refine upon values and and to widen opportunity in gitimate direction.

Nor is there the slightest seriously disturbing the men and women. The has always regulated with regard to all physical be safely relied upon scheme of nature, a dependent upon the few exaggerated persons of the overdone circles pleased to call polite

Men will always remain women womanly, and there be a war among the hatred between them foundation of the world in increasing glory shall stand.

The other day a Graphic came to tained on one of its tionally fine drawing of diers in a garden. The that it was one of those days in England when shining. The very rare geles are when the falling. And we know there will be some nightfall. Two weeks fell the whole day other such sunset as ing could not be seen adise.

It is too bad that ever ill in Los Angeles. such a fine list of elegant and skillful surgeons that almost a pleasure to saved by them. This that the doctors starved the automobiles of health of the community tors get the victims.

## California, b

### California's Glorious Snow Peaks.

HAT an impressive, thrilling view the Sierra Madre presented the other day after the rain! Not the Span nor the Swiss Alps gleam more brightly in the brilliant sunlight than did California range on that memorable morning. But sentiment is not the only that centers in this magnificent of vast uplift stretching from Monica back beyond San Bernardino, then around again to San Diego. When a shower of rain falls on the vast fertile life as the Lord created it ing to man's heritage.

There are few other sections of the where after an absence of rain for as much as eight or nine months, streams to flow from the mountaintops. This is a feature of California and industrial life due to the presence of this magnificent chain of supply of artesian water in the valleys and at the same time the uplift the strong cold winds from the and much of the comfort as well as fertility of the country comes from the mountains. The psalmist of old sang, "lift up mine eyes unto the hills cometh my help." So, do Californians with observing eyes and thoughtful as well as those with impressionable and artistic souls. Much of the of the artists of the brush in this of the country comes from the vine-grower and the general

### Bryan's Beverage Popular.

NOT that an interesting bit of news grape juice has become a popular beverage in China? As the story runs, several have been made to introduce this alcoholic use of the grape in the Orient, after two or three failures the promotion meeting with marked success. The are a peculiarly temperate people, the Europeans in the southern part of country as well as in other tropical and tropical climates have suffered detriment to their health from the of strong alcoholic drinks, inflame the blood and bring on many The unfermented grape juice is a milder beverage, does not produce intoxication nor tempt to an excessive in it. This matter is of more interest to Californians, where the vineyards are so extensive and the market wherein to dispose of prod-

### California Farmer's Lot a Happy One.

THE Spanish dominion and the following it in California literature and less horticulture were in the State. With the coming of Americans more attention was paid to the branches of farming besides the of live stock. The only untoward in the early years was a possible and in sixty years even the grazing have suffered serious detriment about twice. About fifty years ago began to be planted, and a few orange groves. It was not until in that the first cargo of wheat was out of the State under the impulse of Isaac Friedlander, who raised in Merced county. It is about a length of time since wheat growing on a commercial scale was attempted in California by a miller named Doming. The grain on the plain where now spreads. His mill was near Station of the Southern Pacific, where a large flouring mill exists day. Frost could not affect the growing, and only late frosts could the vines. The grape crop has never seriously injured by frosts in fifty It is about thirty-five years since growing began to become an important in Southern California, and in that time has the crop been injured by frost. The first freeze the crop happened in February about years ago and the second just at the



California, by the Western Sea. Land of the Sun.

4

The Germans announce that they will launch attacks on the Polish front with the Russian army stands across Warsaw.

Fog has been in Flanders,

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# EIGH

B



*By Frank G. Carpenter.*

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an ever-rolling stream,  
all its sons away,  
the fading of a dream  
with the dawn of day.

dear, dearly beloved, just be-  
lieve the eagle will philosophize for  
you again, one of those great  
moments when the eternity past  
and the future to come will have come  
to you. You know the  
eagle of New Year's Day.  
He was a prophet, who was accus-  
tomed to tell their people of  
the future when "time should be  
the eagle cannot follow these  
speculations of the highest  
kind. To him a state of  
being at any time mark connected  
with the most absolute stag-  
gering of his mind. He knows something about  
the conception of Almighty God  
and knows that the conception of God as  
every living thing upon  
theological conception of  
God is that of one who lives  
in a state where there is no  
time, but everything from  
the past onward through ever-  
lastingness is all its details before the  
eagle. Every moment of time meas-  
ures the sun and rolling years.  
The eagle is right. Far be  
it from the eagle to dare to reason  
with his small mind.



# LANCER

year after year. They have listened ob-  
servantly to wife's numerous requirements  
and hasten off lovingly to acquire a set of  
furs, a bridge table, a cut-glass decanter, a  
picture for that bare place on the wall.  
They experience all the old joy of the lover's  
devotion to his lady-love, they revel in senti-  
mental emotions anent renewing the sweet-  
hearting days.

Wife regards the present with a tolerant  
eye. "You dear boy," she says, "how sweet  
of you, but . . ." and then follows a gen-  
tle but firm intimation that the furs are the  
wrong kind, the bridge table the wrong  
shape, the picture quite too dreadful for  
anything.

"Of course I must change it," she tells  
her friends with a wry mouth. "Awful  
thing. John is so funny—no taste at all,  
you know. If only he had given me the  
money and let me buy it myself . . ."

And by and by the time comes when he  
does just petulantly pitch the money across  
the breakfast table and let her buy it her-  
self. She gets what she wants—as nearly  
as one can on a hopelessly inadequate  
amount. And then she confides in her  
dearest friend that American husbands are  
all alike; they seem to become submerged  
in their business and drop the dear little  
loverlike attentions that mean so much to a  
woman. It's the little things that count,  
she assures you. The little things. And  
hubby smiles a cynical little smile—and  
quite agrees. It surely is the little things  
that count.

Affectionate Hypocrisy:

IT'S a strange creed for a Lancer to up-  
hold, but even the sanest of us have our  
foolish moments. But I am all for senti-  
mental hypocrisy. One should never look a  
gift horse in the mouth. One should never  
reflect upon the taste or the thoughtfulness  
of anyone who is decent enough to over-  
look our many unpleasant attributes and  
give us a present. A wife ought to pretend  
that whatever John has bought is the very  
thing of all things that she most desired.  
No matter how unbecoming the furs, no  
matter how execrable the picture, those, and  
those only, should be the ones that madam  
had in her mind's eye when she dropped  
hints of her requirements.

He leaves that great task to you his hu-  
man brethren endowed with so much more  
reason and scope of conception than has  
been given to him in his very limited ex-  
istence. But The Eagle will venture this  
remark, that for you humans to reach a  
state of existence where "time shall be no  
more" would mean for you either absolute  
death and oblivion or to be equal to the  
deity and see all things in an eternal pres-  
ent. And is it presumptuous for The Eagle  
to ask, if you reached such a condition  
wherein there would be no future, is it not  
a logical corollary that there would be to  
you no past; and furthermore, if you can  
conceive of infinity in duration of time, or  
rather duration without time, what is to  
prevent you from reaching the Infinite in  
other respects? Let The Eagle remind you,  
friends, that he is not dogmatizing, but sim-  
ply ratiocinating.

But let these philosophical conceptions  
go, and let us get down to something more  
practical. Men have always had their way  
of marking the times and the season, or  
rather they have always observed the times  
and seasons marked by the course of the  
heavenly bodies in the sky. New Year's  
Day has for ages been a time for human re-  
joicing in a very joyous scale. Not to go  
back farther or travel more widely, let us  
recall the Roman Saturnalia, with its wild  
rejoicing partaking largely of the nature  
of bestial debauches. New Year's Day, you  
see, marked the lowest point in the course  
of the sun traveling below the equator of  
the earth and reducing the length of the  
days and increasing that of the nights,  
when depression and despair gave place  
to a hopeful looking into the future as the  
sun at that point began to turn northward,  
promising the unbinding of the streams  
held in fetters of ice, the dissolving of the  
snows that covered the face of the earth,  
the bringing in of springtime with the mu-  
sic of the birds and the murmur of the un-  
fettered streams, bringing back emerald  
greenness to the earth, the bloom of flow-  
ers, springing grain fields, and all the prom-  
ise of the following summer with the crops  
of food for the comfort and sustenance of  
the human race and of the beasts of the  
field and the birds of the air as well. The  
old god Janus, with his two faces, looked  
into the past and into the future, and stood

very largely for the human tribe standing  
on New Year's Day looking both ways.

You see the few lines of rhythm and  
rhyme that head this article convey no new  
idea to you humans. The Pelasgian races  
ages before a Christian hymn was ever  
heard upon the earth had their myth of the  
old god Saturn, the god of time and the  
father of all the deities of heathen Greece  
and Rome, and as the stream of time is  
said to sweep all its sons away, so this ter-  
rible old ogre was represented as every  
morning making a breakfast off of the raw  
body of his latest offspring. These off-  
spring were the days of time that came with  
the revolving suns, and were eaten up by  
their father, Time, who produced them.

The Eagle is an old bird, and has seen a  
great deal of human life. He takes a mel-  
ancholy pleasure in sitting upon his aerie  
on the granite tower and thinking of the  
effects of time on everything material,  
and especially on you human beings. He  
has traveled widely over the earth and  
seen many humans following their course  
from the cradle to the grave. Years ago  
he was traveling along the Mississippi  
River, and there upon a steamboat observed  
an aged couple, decrepit, wrinkled and gray  
with age. The Eagle's mind could not help  
contemplating a day perhaps fifty years or  
more before when this aged couple were  
young, a man in the prime of life and a  
girl in the blushing bloom of youth, when  
they stood before the altar and the minis-  
ter united them in the bonds of matrimony  
to go hand in hand together through life.  
What a change time had wrought in their  
bodies and minds! Smiling confidence and  
radiant hope had departed from their lips  
and brows, and the corners of their mouths  
drooped in sadness, almost to despair, and  
wrinkles of care furrowed their once  
smooth foreheads till they looked like a  
field over which the plow had passed; and  
such had been the case. The plow of time  
and the sharp teeth of the harrows of the  
years had passed over those foreheads and  
left them deeply marked with many fur-  
rows.

It is sad to think of the havoc time works  
in the frame of human beings, the crowning  
glory as you are of all God's creation.  
There were once the strong pliant fingers  
of young manhood that could twirl a ball  
over the plate of a baseball field so as to

puzzle the eye of the best batsman that  
ever wielded the willow. There were the  
fingers of the artist who could draw a scene  
with perfect accuracy as to perspective  
and lay colors on the canvas that rivaled in  
their brilliancy those of the sun upon a  
garden of flowers. There were the supple  
limbs that could run a race almost as fleet  
as a thoroughbred horse, that could leap  
almost a five-bar gate or kick a football  
that would send it like a shell from the  
cannon's mouth.

There was the human mind so keen, so  
sharp, so alert, so far-reaching in its grasp,  
so accurate in its reasoning, and there was  
the human soul full to overflowing with  
ambition, endowed with the loftiest senti-  
ments, and aspirations that reached into  
the very heavens and invaded the realms  
of the angels of light.

The Eagle has seen these physical en-  
dowments and mental gifts of man so great  
as to be compared, after the manner of  
Hamlet, almost with those of a god. And  
then after half a century of time the Eagle  
has seen the same fingers stiff and crippled  
so that when they signed the owner's  
name to a check the clerks in the bank, un-  
able to decipher it, say to one another: "Oh,  
that check belongs to B—." And the de-  
crepitude of the body is only matched by  
that of the mind, while from the soul ambi-  
tion has faded away and all the high aspi-  
rations lie dead as withered leaves when  
the first fierce gusts of winter blow over  
the woodland. Is it not pathetic to see at  
the end of it all the hands folded over the  
breast, the eye dim with all the fire of fu-  
rious youth dead as ashes?

Well, as the years come and go and as  
one New Year's Day follows another, the  
most lovely thing in all human life, my  
friends, is perhaps a green old age, as  
Adam says in Shakespeare's play, "Frosty  
but kindly." A mind so endowed defies the  
ravages of time, and in spite of all the ills  
and vicissitudes of life maintains a smil-  
ing countenance and a serene brow even to  
the last breath that ends all earthly time  
Yours,



Men are better hypocrites than women  
in this connection. Gross, practical, cal-  
culous brutes that they are, not one in ten  
thousand that would literally pitch a pre-  
sent back in his wife's face, cast reflections  
on her taste or her consideration. A nice  
hysterical, howling set-out he would get if  
he did.

Women are all for being practical when  
it is to their advantage, but they regard  
logical practicability in a man as a sin, as  
brutal, as unsympathetic. They will be  
sweet hypocrites enough when it comes to  
sparing the feelings of someone socially  
superior to themselves, but husbands are  
not supposed to have any feelings. Wives  
are loud in their lamentations that hus-  
bands cease to be lovers soon after mar-  
riage, yet they are but bemoaning their  
own efficient handiwork. Madam would  
both have her cake and eat it. But even a  
masculine worm will turn.

The Locked Door.

MISS MARGARET FOLEY of Boston is a  
lady who migrates to the various States  
that are running a woman's suffrage cam-  
paign and lends her aid. She takes a good deal  
of credit to herself for the fact that Nevada  
went strong for woman's suffrage at the  
last election, for Margaret was very much  
on the job.

When she returned to Boston, however,  
she gave forth an interview to the newspa-  
pers wherein she remarked that she had  
experienced many unusual hardships dur-  
ing the campaign—that, among other things,  
she had to sleep in hotel rooms without a  
lock on her door! True, nothing embar-  
rassing happened to Margaret on that ac-  
count, but think how awful to run such a  
risk!

It appears that no nice woman would  
think of retiring to rest with an unlocked  
door in Boston. But, then, you see, Mar-  
garet dear, Boston is unrelentingly anti-  
and the women suffragists have been busy  
explaining for years that male antis are  
necessarily immoral. But Nevada, now, was  
obviously ripe for conversion. The very  
fact that no one thought it necessary to  
put locks on hotel bedrooms should have  
been a sign of grace.

It will be interesting to know whether

Boston ladies prefer the locked or the lock-  
less door after this. From Margaret's re-  
marks we might assume anything. A sen-  
sation of absolute safety may be too novel  
to be pleasant.

One rather obvious fact is that women  
are respected a good deal more where they  
are scarce. The more of them there are,  
the more one knows about them—and there  
you are.

Flattery.

IMITATION is the sincerest form of flat-  
tery, so the allies must take heart. The  
stories that keep coming through about Ger-  
mans masquerading in the uniforms of their  
enemies, of sailing their ships under the en-  
emies' flags, of using the enemies' signals  
and such like really show a very compli-  
mentary attitude, and a nice modesty re-  
garding their own charms.

If one can't achieve things on one's own  
merit the next best thing is to achieve it  
on somebody else's. Now the British swank  
assumes that his uniform, his flag, his  
country is good enough for anybody. That  
if he can't sail under his own colors he  
jolly well won't sail. Pure conceit, for  
which he is likely to pay dearly. If he  
could only be brought to appreciate how  
much more handsome he would look in a  
German uniform, how much more welcome  
his ships would be under the German flag,  
he could approach the Kiel Canal and blow  
up any number of noncombatant, unarmed,  
unprepared citizens and achieve a really no-  
ble victory.

But no. The self-satisfied beggar must  
perforce continue to swagger under blatan-  
tly British colors, in the blatantly British  
way, and get some nasty jolts for his pains.

Clairvoyants.

SO THAT sagacious, astute lady, Madame  
Thebes of Paris, is at it again. She has  
amiably prophesied all the things that the  
Frenchman yearns to see come to pass. So  
sensible of her. If they happen to happen,  
her fame will be boundless. And if they  
don't her gallant countrymen will shrug  
their shoulders politely and admit that she  
did her best.

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WASH







# The Twelfth Juror. By J. L. Sherrard.

## A "TRICK OF FATE."

"IS THE commonwealth's attorney ready to proceed?"

The courtly old judge removed his glasses, wiped them carefully with a tiny piece of chamolite skin, and beamed inquiringly upon the young man.

"Ready, may it please your honor!"

The voice of J. Blackstone Kent registered 100 per cent. in its tone of absolute confidence.

It was the prosecuting attorney's first case. An unusual importance attached to the opening of this term of the criminal court, for Kent was only 23 years old and had just recently been elected commonwealth's attorney, an office rich in political possibilities, after defeating the renowned Lawrence, a supposedly invincible idol of the people.

The courtroom was packed with partisans of Kent and partisans of the dying Lawrence—the veteran attorney still esteeming himself a rather lively corpse.

Kent had not spent his time in vain since the election. His heavy locks had been trained to just the proper length for oratorical effect. With a theatrical flourish of his right hand he thrust it through the mass of glossy hair, moving his slender fingers around slowly until they rested for an instant on the top of his head.

"The first case will be that of the State against Wash Rickets," Kent announced. "The commonwealth is ready."

Lawrence arose pompously from his seat within the circle reserved for the members of the bar. "I appear for Rickets," he said crisply.

A thrill of easy victory in prospect cheered the young attorney. He had adroitly selected for his first case one in which there was not the faintest doubt of conviction, and now in the first passage at arms he would have a chance to show to the public his superiority over Lawrence as well as his own skill as a prosecutor.

The court clerk began drawing from the jury box the slips of paper containing the names of the panel. Eleven men were chosen, and already the State's attorney, out of an undue abundance of caution, had exhausted his challenges.

"Wilkes Farnum!" called the clerk, reading from a tiny slip.

Lawrence smiled from ear to ear. "No objection," he announced blandly.

J. Blackstone Kent paled for an instant, but he said nothing because he had unwittingly used all the objections to jurors that the law allowed.

The twelfth juror took his seat unchallenged.

Now, here was a hard situation for the confident young man. He and Farnum were bitter rivals for the hand of Miss Young, who at that minute was occupying a seat of prominence in the courtroom, having come on the invitation of Kent himself. He felt pretty solid with her in any event, but there was nothing like clinching his grip on her affections by showing her a thing or two of what he could do with the law and the evidence.

"Farnum will tie that jury as sure as Wash Rickets is a thief," Kent reflected disgustedly. "Why, he wouldn't lose a glorious chance like that to humiliate me."

Kent's first impulse was to accuse Lawrence of stacking the cards against him, but on second thought he realized how absurd such a charge would be. If his own foresight had been as good as his hindsight he would have saved a challenge for this dangerous man whom he knew to be on the jury list. By a cruel trick fate had found the only rift within his armor.

The case of the commonwealth against Rickets, an old negro with a foxy reputation, was as plain as a stone wall and equally as hard to break down. Kent well knew that the conviction of the wily offender, though the charge was a commonplace misdemeanor involving the disappearance of a few fat hens, would be particularly gratifying to the public, who had suffered repeated thefts at his hands and who had witnessed the failure of Lawrence on several occasions to throw around the arch sinner a convincing web of evidence. Where Lawrence, secure in his reputation as a prosecutor, had utterly failed, he—J. Blackstone Kent, an untried man on the job—would end the nuisance at the first shot of his legal big gun.

The evidence produced against the negro was convincing beyond the shadow of a doubt. Witness after witness took the stand, and in sharp, concise questions that cut like a knife Kent established his case in every essential element. Nor could the astute Lawrence break down on cross-examination the story of a single material witness. The case of the defense seemed hopeless.

On a dark night in March, so the testimony said, G. Washington Rickets entered the premises of a worthy citizen of Pottsville and there, feloniously and with malice aforethought, did steal, take and carry away six fat hens of the value of as many dollars. And the evidence showed very clearly that the said G. W. Rickets, false exemplar of the sire of his country, was tarred with a thick veneer of guilt.

"That's the case for the State, may it please your honor," Kent spoke in a tone of finality, emphasizing the force of the announcement by a dramatic passage of his hand through the shock of wavy black tresses.

The two men on whom Lawrence relied to prove an alibi for Rickets proved thoroughly unreliable, and then the old negro's attorney, smarting under certain defeat, decided to close for the defense without furnishing further amusement to the packed courtroom.

But Rickets interposed a prompt objection.

"Ef de co't please, I'll plead mah own case, sah."

Lawrence sprang to his feet, his eyes flashing the indignation he felt.

"Yas, sah, may it please yo' honah," continued old Wash, calmly ignoring his counsel's efforts to stop him, "I'm gwine to plead mah own case. I'm a honest nigger, an' I

wants de truf—an' nothin' but de truf—to prevail." He looked up appealingly into the face of the judge.

The kindly old judge ruled that the defendant could go on the stand in his own behalf, if he wanted to, the honorable counsel to the contrary notwithstanding.

The wave of ill-suppressed titling that swept over the courtroom receded before Wash had spoken ten words. His story bore the stamp of genuineness, of absolute truth. Those in the courtroom who had condemned him—and that meant the entire body—began to ask themselves if after all they might not have been too hasty in their judgment. Surely he was telling the truth even if the State's testimony appeared armor-proof, for no man could feign the honesty, the sincerity and the evident feeling of persecution that was manifest in every syllable he uttered.

There were tears in the eyes of the judge as the aged negro finished, and to place the seal of truth on his statement Wash produced a battered almanac from an inside pocket of his ragged coat.

"Ef you can't b'lieve a honest ol' nigger, gen'tlemen," he spoke in terms of offended dignity to the jury, "dis heah proves I'm not lyin'. Study dis almerneck. Please, sah, gen'tlemen, on de night ob March de twenty-fourth de moon was shinin' bright as day—yas, sah, as bright as a sunshiny day. See fo' yo'selves, gen'tlemen."

Wash drew his sleeve across a face convulsed with grief, wiping away the big tears that coursed down his cheeks.

"That's the case for the defense," announced Lawrence unabashed, seeing that his client's cause was won and fearing that delay might in some way work a reaction.

But J. Blackstone Kent was on his feet instantly, protesting in vehement terms against the introduction of the almanac. It had no standing in a court of law, he argued heatedly.

"Philiphilam's almanac is a standard work, accepted the world over," ruled the judge. "It is accurate. I admit it."

Kent examined the exhibit closely. Yes, the night of the 24th of March certainly was in the full of the moon. There could be no doubt of it. Prof. Philiphilam proved it. In his argument to the jury, a pretty good imitation of a masterpiece of eloquence, even if it did lack the ring of sincerity, he might as well have been trying to batter down the walls of a fort with a pea-shooter.

The State's case was lost, and Kent could read it plainly enough in the faces of the twelve men, and especially in Farnum's expression of half-concealed glee.

The judge delivered a brief charge and the jury retired for deliberation, leaving the commonwealth's attorney feeling a shade bluer than did Lawrence on the morning after the election.

"To be humiliated and outwitted and outgeneraled by a simple old nigger!"

Kent rudely disturbed his raven locks, but the gesture this time was one of helpless anger and defeat.

Inside the juryroom, the twelve chatted

and joked and consumed the contents of a bag of peanuts one provision kept in his pocket. Then, as the verdict was announced, they proceeded to take form, they proceeded to take form.

The verdict was unanimous. "Guilty!" Farnum voted.

The eleven looked at him in amazement.

"W-what?" stammered the juror. "Guilty!" repeated Farnum. The eleven gathered closer, gesticulating wildly and all trying to convince him of his injustice.

"It would be an outrage in a plain case of innocence," the foreman took the situation seriously in an effort to bring about acquiescence.

Farnum sat nonchalantly at the table, dangle his feet and smiling serenely at his merely shook his head and repeated the unchanging verdict.

In the mind of the twelfth juror passed in review a vivid picture of the night on the 24th of March, a tian sort of evening, when he stumbled down the walk of home, the girl's final "No" trumpet call of doom in his memory remembered. He could not forget.

He could easily vote to justify himself by the evidence, revenge it would be to maintain Blackstone Kent, this knight in law, in the presence of his reflected, but—curse his conscience was too square to do such a thing. He was under no obligation to be an act of rank perjury to cover of false testimony.

Farnum thought of the girl in the fight, but he would win all. He held up "Exhibit A," creation of the great almanac phlam.

"Let me show you what I did to Prof. Philiphilam's almanac, and did it so much that it got completely fooled. I case by the highest authority, Kent and all the rest were by the trick to see through a splendid piece of acting, hadn't been for me, old Wash would out of the courtroom."

One by one the eleven jurors

"I wish I had your head and for seek," the foreman said admiringly.

"Oh, well, it's just my luck," laughed But there was a regret in his voice.

He did not fail to detect. The foreman signed the twelve men filed into the

announce the one word that startled every waiting juror its unexpectedness.

of privileges, especially when showing off to visitors.

his picture taken meant an extra of candy, and this process, indulged in by his admirers, was by a peculiar whistle that McDon- was when he wanted Louie to "pose," was a never-failing source of amusement to see the little fellow come trotting to his hutch at the sound of the whistle at "attention" for his candy while the others were snapped.

the early spring of Louie's second noble change crept over him. Two months had passed him by unheeded. "A back" for good," declared McDon- with a resigned shake of his head. He was too clever to betray himself when the keepers could see him and his sniffling furtively around the wire

of his pen. by inch he examined the meshes of his twinkling little black nose and eyes, during the quiet hours of the day. He was too clever to betray himself when the keepers could see him and his sniffling furtively around the wire

break could be found in the carefully- of the walls of the pen. Over and over with infinite patience, the little creature the wire strands in his persistent search for a weak spot. His hutch close against the north wall of the A big snowdrift covered all but the and filled the space between the and the wire. It was the custom of to clear all such spaces of snow, supervision of Louie's pen had been than that of the others.

he leaped to the top of the drift one and eyed the wire barrier to freedom. him the netting curved inward on supports. But for that he could jumped over. The pens were well con-

he set to work with uncanny craft his captors and find a means of to freedom and the wild that was him. He burrowed down into the hutch as far as the wire, resting and paws clawing the soft like a little, animated rotary plow.

able to side and back and forth he with tireless energy, noiselessly and pushing the snow away from the that he could examine it minutely search for a corroded spot. A gust stirred the hemlocks overhanging and a ball of snow from a branch fell "plop" on the drift where he working. He stiffened into rigidity and listening for fully five minutes

moving. From the end of his sharp black muzzle to the tip of his hand- tally tall he was the personification of the profound silence of the night. A few rustlings from an adjacent for- did not interest him, and he resumed his labors. He was re- at last, after hours of patient work. lev

Time Pleasures. CITY IN LOS ANGELES IN THE FIFTIES. Laura Evertsen King.

most of the chronicles of early in Los Angeles which are being published nowadays who lead one to that the principal pastimes of the were murders and hangings. This cause the writers of the chronicles are to have participated in the life which they tell, and perhaps, also, be- their informants were not partakers in inner social gaieties of the day so as of the sterner executive side of

early days of California were dark and dangerous enough for many, were brave spirits among us who saw only the better side of and graciously contributed to it. The of society in the pueblo in the '50's of the best American and Californ- families, and by "Californian" I mean "Californian," or Spanish-speaking native. occasional circuses—"maromas"— called them—and picnics were the

had young men among us who were musicians, and great rivalry existed who could arrange and carry off the for his "inamorata." Some- married friends were counted in on music. On feast or saints' days, she was lucky enough to have been the for his patron saint was favored with avo

# Louie's Vacation an Elopement.

By Alice Fessenden Peterson.

## AN ELOPEMENT.

PEN No. 3, in the Glenallen silver fox ranch, was always the first stopping-place for visitors, not because Louie was an especially valuable or beautifully-furred fox, but because from his slate-gray cub days till he grew up into maturity, he was always as tame as a dog, the pet of the ranch.

Louie was an odd stick. Had he been human he would have been a genius, or eccentric, or something out of the ordinary. Black and silver foxes are the shyest creatures in the world, naturally. They belong in the wilderness and their habits are of the wild kindred.

But Louie never showed fear or dislike for humans, and every morning would come trotting out of his hutch for bread and milk

with his peculiar, shrill "yap-yap" for greeting, to jump up on McDonald's knee and gobble his breakfast from the bowl in the keeper's lap. That finished, he would invariably paw around in McDonald's pockets until he found his accustomed dessert of a stick of broken candy. The candy was always insisted upon and was devoured with the greatest gusto.

Louie was not a pure silver fox. His coat, a combination of red and silver fur, had an odd, grizzled appearance, comparatively valueless as a pelt, but containing the black strain prized by Canadian fox ranchers as productive of pups worth thousands of dollars.

"His pelt's worth perhaps ten dollars," McDonald said to the stock company directors who owned the ranch. "But he'd bring a thousand dollars as a breeder, and

as a pet I wouldn't sell him at any price."

This valuation might have been correct if Louie had showed any intention of raising a family. During hours of midnight prowling and secret burrowing under a board in the corner of his pen he had apparently developed a grudge against his kind. If the beautiful silver vixen in the adjoining pen so much as poked her nose through the wire in his direction Louie bristled like a porcupine and scuttled away into his hutch like a crabbed old bachelor woman-hater.

Mor than one fox on the ranch had bites to show for trying to scrape acquaintance with Louie.

Finally, after breaking up a ferocious battle, in which Louie secured several mouthfuls of fur and all the honors, McDonald gave it up in disgust and left Louie to earn his board as a pet.

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and joked and consumed the bag of peanuts one provident kept in his pocket. Then, as a form, they proceeded to take a verdict. The verdict was unanimous reached the twelfth juror.

"Guilty," Farnum voted.

The eleven looked at him in amazement.

"W-what?" stammered the foreman.

"Guilty!" repeated Farnum.

The eleven gathered closely gesticulating wildly and all at once trying to convince him of his justice.

"It would be an outrage to the foreman took the situation in his own hands in an effort to browbeat acquiescence.

Farnum sat nonchalantly on the table, dangle his feet and smiling serenely at his fellow jurors. He merely shook his head, and repeated the unchanging verdict.

In the mind of the twelfth juror passed in review a vivid picture of the night on the 24th of March, a brilliant sort of evening, when after a he stumbled down the walk at home, the girl's final "No" ringing trumpet call of doom in his ears remembered. He could not forget.

He could easily vote for acquittal. But for that he could not. The netting curved inward on the support. But for that he could not. The pens were well covered of false testimony.

Farnum thought of the girl. In the fight, but he would win. He held up "Exhibit A," the creation of the great astronomer.

"Let me show you what I did to Prof. Philiphilam's astronomy put this year's cover on a last maniac, and did it so neatly that laws got completely fooled. He case by the highest authority, and Kent and all the rest were too busy by the trick to see through it. I stunt he got off added the final a splendid piece of acting, and I hadn't been for me, old Wad walked out of the courtroom a One by one the eleven acquitted.

"I wish I had your faculty to one's head and for such a thing the foreman said admiringly.

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The foreman signed the verdict, twelve men filed into the courtroom nounce the one word that was startle every waiting and here be its unexpectedness.

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Clearly Louie imagined he was higher things than the world's parentage of \$5000 black-fox parentage on establishing himself a companion and spoiled pet of a belongs with whom he came in contact.

Most of the day he spent on the ball on the flat top of a dwarf or just inside the hutch door, with tip of his black nose showing.

He was so domesticated that never thought he had any life and his pen was not inspected as were the other pens for the purpose burrowing of the foxes that meant the loss of a valuable "Louie's all right," said McDonald to worry "bout him." So Louie known as a "trusty," and was

especially when showing his picture taken meant an extra of quality, and this process, fre- in by his admirers, was a peculiar whistle that McDon- he wanted Louie to "pose," a never-failing source of amuse- the little fellow come trotting at the sound of the whistle "attention" for his candy while were snapped.

The early spring of Louie's second change crept over him. Two had passed him by unheeded. "for good," declared McDon- a resigned shake of his head. In the back of his furry head isolated impulse was stirring that impudently around the wired pen.

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# Time Pleasures.

IN LOS ANGELES IN THE FIFTIES.

Laura Evertsen King.

Most of the chronicles of early Los Angeles which are being today by those who lead one to the principal pastimes of the murders and hangings. This the writers of the chronicles are to have participated in the life of the city, and perhaps, also, be- informants were not partakers of the social gaieties of the day so the sterner executive side of

days of California were dark and dangerous enough for many, leave spirits among us who saw only the better side of the city, and by "Californian" I mean "or Spanish-speaking native. occasional circuses—"maromas" them—and picnics were the young men among us who were and great rivalry existed could arrange and carry off the meant the loss of a valuable "Louie's all right," said McDonald to worry "bout him." So Louie known as a "trusty," and was

In the lower corner of the drift, back of the hutch, the pressure of his nose disclosed the rusted break he had been hunting for. Flinging himself against the mesh he pawed frantically at the weakened strand of the netting. It yielded to the pressure. He clawed and scraped and pushed at the wire, snuffing and panting in his efforts to enlarge the break. Wriggling like a snake he forced himself through an incredibly small opening, bounded to the top of the snow-drift just beyond the ranch fence, gave himself a mighty shake and with long, noiseless leaps disappeared under the gloom of a clump of hemlocks to the north.

In the morning, when McDonald came with Louie's breakfast, there was no familiar "yap-yap" of greeting.

Wondering at the strange silence, McDonald hurried into the pen, rushed to the hutch and looked inside. It was empty. The drift back of the hutch told the story. McDonald was more disappointed at Louie's treachery than at the loss to the ranch-owners.

"He seemed so friendly-like. I thought he didn't even want to get out," he complained mournfully. "I believe he'll come back. Louie's just taking a vacation, that's all."

For days McDonald and his assistants scoured the woods and hills for the truant. But there was no sign of him.

The burly keeper missed his pet more than he cared to admit. He kept a stick of candy in his pocket always, and took long lonely tramps back in the deep woodlands, whistling the family call that Louie had known so well. Weeks went by and the reluctant Canadian spring showed signs of approaching.

The wastes of snow in the silent wilderness beyond the ranch showed streaks of brown here and there.

Toward the close of day, while the sunset glow still flooded the western sky, the brooding solitudes were invaded overhead by occasional wedge-shaped, swift-flying flocks of birds, whose vibrating wings whistled a welcome message.

"Ducks are flyin', Mack," said one of the ranchmen one day to the Glenallen keeper. "Let's try 'em some night."

A small lake, north of the settlement, was a favorite resort for the migrating birds, and thither the two men repaired in the gathering twilight, a few days later, with their shotguns over their shoulders. A penetrating chill pervaded the air, breathing of the snow-blanket that still enveloped the deep woods where the sun had little chance to penetrate. The darkness shut down rapidly, leaving a long, slender lance of lemon color, clearly luminous, that cut the western horizon. Overhead it was quite dark and the first evening stars twinkled crisply.

Ascending a wooded slope the men paused for a moment to listen for signs of birds. Absolute silence lay over the vague, ghostly levels of the snow-sprinkled open and the

serried phalanxes of the spruce thickets that clothed the hills beyond.

Presently, away off in the mysterious heights of the sky came a murmur, that curious clamor of far-away voices, which once heard can never be forgotten, that told of the approach of the flying bird-wedge, beating its tireless way northward in the darkened sky. "It's geese," said McDonald, "flyin' high, too." They stood motionless, watching the wonderful sweep of the flock as it swung across the sky.

In martial, equidistant ranks, uttering their vibrant, monotonous "hong-a honks," the long line of black bodies and outstretched necks sailed straight overhead, passing toward the northern horizon.

The ensuing silence seemed all the more profound as the clamor died away, and the two men stood for a moment spellbound, listening to the last whispers of the aerial chorus.

Into this silence, like an electric shock, there came a sharp "yap-yap" from a birch grove on a rising to the right. McDonald started as though he had been shot.

"That's Louie!" he exclaimed. "By George, it's Louie! I'd know his bark from a thousand!" He gave the "candy whistle," a long and then a staccato note, that rang out with startling clearness across the slopes.

A small, black speck flickered out from under a birch clump, was outlined a moment against the snow and then vanished into the undergrowth.

"He's there. It's Louie! You see he remembered the call! Come along, we must try to catch him."

The ducks were forgotten in the excitement of finding Louie, and the two men raced down the knoll toward the birches. McDonald, carrying his gun in one hand, fumbled in the pocket of his jacket with the other for the piece of candy to bait the prodigal with, whistling as he ran.

But Louie had no intention of being caught. He had retreated to a bunch of spruces farther along, and there he sat regarding them with exasperating calmness. "He's a-thumbin' his nose at me, the little black devil!" exclaimed McDonald. "Look at him squattin' there, darin' me!"

McDonald stooped down with the stick of candy, holding it out to Louie, whistling coaxingly, and trying to lure the fox to him. In the dim light they could see him cock his head first on one side and then the other, his little, pointed ears standing up saucily. "You don't say so," they said as plainly as speech. They could almost hear him laugh when he remarked derisively "Yap-yap!"

Just then a shadow flashed across the underbrush beyond. Louie turned and disappeared in its direction.

"There's another one, Mack," said his companion. "He's got a mate there as sure as you're born!"

The problem of luring Louie back to captivity was discussed there in the gloom.

It was doubly desirable to capture him now, with a mate that might prove a prize.

McDonald broke off a small piece of candy and, walking quietly toward the spruce clump, tossed the piece under the shadows where Louie had disappeared. Backing off a short distance he whistled the familiar call. He was rewarded by a rustle in the underbrush, and presently they could distinctly hear him crunching the sweet morsel with appreciative haste.

"Well, he hasn't lost his sweet tooth, that's sure!" laughed McDonald.

It was decided to try the experiment of trailing Louie back to the ranch, less than a half-mile distant, by dropping pieces of candy at intervals, and trusting to luck that the second fox would follow.

McDonald's companion was dispatched to the ranch for a supply of sweets and the trail was laid to the hole in Louie's pen, which had been left open in case of the truant's return. Over the hole McDonald arranged a drop door, with a string and a series of pulleys, so that he could close it from his watch-house, fifty feet away. Then he added two wire sections to the ranch burglar alarm, with a board placed just under the hole, that completed the circuit when it was pressed down.

To enter his pen Louie must step on this board and thereby ring a bell inside the watch-house.

Muffling the house-bell with a cloth McDonald retired to the couch, ten feet away, and was soon asleep.

It was nearly 3 o'clock when he awoke with a start.

His alarm bell buzzed faintly. He jumped quickly up as a second buzz sounded. Loosening the trap-door string McDonald caught up the lantern and rushed to Louie's pen.

The fox-pens were all astir; the foxes were running about uneasily and an unusual excitement seemed to pervade the air.

Inside Louie's pen a gray-black fox was racing up and down. With his muzzle close to the feeding-trough, quite oblivious to the frantic efforts of his companion to find an egress, Louie was gobbling greedily at a feast of fresh smelt and a big stick of candy as though it were his first square meal for weeks. McDonald aroused the house.

"Louie's brought back another fox," he shouted. The entire ranch force turned out in the frosty morning dusk to examine the prize.

She proved to be a beautiful silver-gray female with yellow eyes, black points and the long, silky fur that sells for fabulous prices at the London fur auctions.

"Pretty good luck, eh?" exclaimed McDonald delightedly, as the ranchmen crowded around the pen, inspecting the newcomer and rejoicing over this unprecedented piece of good luck, which meant a considerable increase in the ranch stock. "She's a thoroughbred," declared McDonald. "Can you beat it for sheer luck! Louie's all right! He shall have a vacation every year after this!"

original verses written in his honor, by his native friends and admirers. Sweet and soft beyond comparison was a serenade at early dawn, mingling with the song of the awakening birds as an accompaniment.

Life was simple and the people were hospitable. It mattered not if they possessed much or little, all were banded together with the one thought of mutual kindness and as much pleasure as could be extracted from prevailing circumstances.

My first initiation into society was in 1850, when I accompanied my mother to a wedding ball among the "gente fina"—gentlefolks. The native-born bride was dressed in a bright blue satin gown richly ornamented with white lace. As the ball was in her honor, she was the recipient of most of the favors, which consisted in the breaking of numerous "cascarones" on her head. When we arrived she was standing, a glittering mass of spangles, wiping the cologne from her neck and shoulders with her beautiful lace handkerchief, for the most expensive of the cascarnes were filled with liquid perfume. Laughingly she remarked that she had almost been bathed in the sweetness of her friends,—a pretty example of the poetic speech of the native.

At this ball I met a little girl not much older than myself who afterward became one of my especial friends, and later married Mr. A. B. Chapman. I can see now the pretty picture she made, dressed in white, with her lap filled with cascarnes which she smilingly and secretly distributed to the friends of the bride, that they might avow their love and esteem by breaking

them over her head in the dance. To crush a cascarnes in your hand, shower its contents on your partner's head and continue in the mazes of the dance was an acrobatic feat which few could perform. It took the Americans some years to learn to break their cascarnes without giving the ladies of their choice a headache for some time afterward.

These were some of the innocent compliments of the ball. Out of this simple and beautiful custom of the people, however, was enacted one of the most terrible tragedies of the early days of the pueblo. Two men striving for the favor of a senorita became jealous of each other. One conceived and carried out an infamous plan by which he would disgrace his rival in the eyes of his lady-love. He persuaded her to break a cascarnes which he—or rather, time—had prepared on his rival's head. History does not say, but it was suspected by her friends that the senorita was not so innocent as she pretended to be. The result of the insult was that the men met on Main street the following day and one was stabbed to death.

The tragedy brought the pretty custom of using cascarnes into disfavor for a time. But, "on with the dance" was the watchword, and the sad event, after causing much talk, was put aside and forgotten.

Picnics were not so numerous in the very early days, because almost the only mode of transportation was in the uncomfortable "carrata." Those who could ride a horse did so, but the native senoritas seldom rode on horseback. When preparations were made

for a wedding at one of the ranchos, if the caretas were overflowing with guests, some of the young women rode "en ancas" with the men on horseback, the girl in the saddle, the man behind on the rump of the horse reaching over her shoulders to hold the reins and at the same time gently supporting her in the saddle.

If a stranger arrived during the wedding feast, his horse was turned out to graze on the rancho. He was bidden to the dance, and asked to share the hospitality indefinitely. In fact, he was forced to do this, unless he could bribe a vaquero to lasso his horse, for the latter, having had orders not to do this, was ordinarily nowhere to be found.

The wedding fiesta continued for a week. Continuous dancing, with rests only for refreshments—no sleep, as beds could not be provided for all—was very wearying. Toward the last, some women would become hysterical and have to be put to bed by force, almost on the edge of St. Vitus dance. At intervals, to allay the dust raised by the swish of many skirts and the pounding of the high-heeled shoes on the dirt floor, an old senora, some relative of the bride, would enter the ballroom with a vessel of wine, and with a muttered blessing, sprinkle the floor.

During the week, bride and groom were not allowed each other's company, it being understood that they belonged to their friends for that time. At the end of the week, the well-rested oxen and horses were rounded up, and all the friends merrily departed for their different and distant

(CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN.)

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# The Ancient Celt in Polynesia. By Edmund Mitchell

## NOTABLE DISCOVERIES.

**T**AHITI at break of dawn! The pilot had climbed aboard and our steamer was moving slowly toward the passage through the reef. After long days on lonely seas of gray monotony, the all-pervading note of green in the landscape came as a positive relief to both eye and mind—the green waters of the lagoon, the green-tufted plumes of coconut palms rimming the shore line, the little valleys smothered in a wealth of tropical vegetation, and, towering precipitously aloft, clustered mountain peaks verdured to their very summits. Green, green—everything vividly green!

"Oh, beautiful Emerald Isle!" I exclaimed in mild poetic fervor induced by the charming color scheme.

"Your honor," bleated a soft, melodious voice at my elbow.

With a start of surprise I swung round to return an Irishman's greeting. But still greater was my amazement when I found the speaker to be, not a son of the true and original Emerald Isle of northern waters, but a bronzed-skinned native clad in a sort of red and white patterned petticoat knotted at the waist, with another garment of much the same kind flung loosely across one shoulder, leaving arms and much of the torso bare. The man had evidently come aboard from the pilot's boat. He had walking sticks to sell, for he held an assorted bunch toward me as once again he murmured in mellifluous Milesian:

"Your honor."

"The top of the morning to you," I responded, unconsciously dropping into the Irish vernacular.

But the blue-black eyes regarded me incomprehensibly.

"Bon marche, m'sieu," pleaded the gentle savage as he pressed on me his wares. I had been on the point of looking for a sturdy-knotted blackthorn among the dainty canes. The spell, however, was broken. I remembered I was not in Cork Harbor, but in a French possession in the South Seas, harkening to a full-blooded Polynesian who spoke French with an anemic French accent and evidently expected a reply in the same tongue.

"Bon jour," I ventured.

"Your honor," came the Irish salutation once again, accompanied by a friendly, if somewhat fatuous, smile.

The perplexed look on my face must have been interpreted as refusal to do business, for, turning away, the bare-footed vender of pseudo-shillalahs moved along the deck in search of a more promising customer.

But my trunk had to be packed, and a minute later I was in my cabin, final preparations for landing in progress and the incident dismissed from mind as a mere trivial happening.

That same evening, standing at the gateway of my hostelry in Papeete, I was regarding with keen interest the passing variegated throng. Glancing along the road I beheld a girl on a bicycle approaching and presenting a picture that would have afforded a splendid subject for an oleograph. The young lady wore a simple white frock gathered at the waist by a band of blue ribbon, and a yellow straw hat festooned with crimson flowers around its ample brim. On the handle-bars of her wheel rested a wealth of other blooms, red, white and blue, interspersed with greenery.

"A nymph from the woods," was my thought, as the polychromatic vision glided nearer and nearer.

I could distinguish now the delicately-molded features, their beauty enhanced by the satiny softness of a cafe-au-lait complexion, and I knew the bewitching figure for a native belle despite her European clothes and bicycle. She had intercepted my admiring glance and recognized me as a newcomer to the island, for with sylph-like grace she jumped to the ground and pressed into my hands a generous bouquet of gorgeous and heavily-perfumed flowers. Her smile was delightfully frank and innocent as she accompanied gift with greeting:

"Your honor."

Blushing from confusion, bewildered by her sweet courtesy and radio-active charms, I gave her back her own gracious salute:

"Your honor," was my foolish stammered reply.

But it served, for with another captivat-

ing smile and a dainty little gesture of hand upraised, the damsel slipped back into her saddle and skimmed away like a gaily-plumaged bird into the gathering evening shades.

"A dash of the Chink in that girl," remarked one of the hotel guests as I stepped on to the veranda with my floral prize. I had made his acquaintance during the afternoon and gleaned his story—he was a young fellow from Australia, son of a wealthy pastoralist, and having recently recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia, was now recuperating in this mild insular climate on rum punches and other tropical diversions.

Through the bushes of tiare and frangipani he had witnessed the scene on the road. A broad grin developed on his countenance when he saw my trembling fingers press the bouquet to my breast.

"A dash of the Chink?" I answered.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, didn't you notice the slant of her eyes? A Chinaman's her father, you may bank on that. They own the trade of the island and get all the prettiest native girls for wives."

Thus early was I beginning to learn the intimate side of life in Tahiti. But one thing still perplexed me.

"Then where did she get her Irish accent?" I inquired.

It was the other's turn to look puzzled.

"What the dickens are you driving at?" he asked.

"She addressed me as 'Your Honor.' Is not that Irish enough for you?"

The Australian laughed loud and long.

"Not 'Your Honor,' man," he at last explained. "She said 'Iorana'—the native form of greeting. Didn't you know that?"

I confessed to my ignorance and departed in quest of a flower vase and a water bottle. And while arranging my bouquet for as enduring preservation as might be, I smiled at the egregious blunder I had now on two different occasions committed.

Yet somehow in the days that followed, when the word "Iorana" fell on my ears at every turn, from the lips of copper-hued man, woman and child, I could never hear it without thinking of Paddy in his far-off Emerald Isle.

Tahiti and Ireland—both emerald isles, and each with the same form of courteous greeting! There must be something more than mere coincidence in all this. And oftentimes memory conjured back the picture of the pretty girl on the bicycle from whose lips the words had fallen so melodiously. Ah, those soft-sawdaring Irishmen were the boys to blarney and make love, and some of them years ago must have been attracted to this fair tropical island and started the honeyed salutation. "Iorana," "Your Honor,"—the expressions were almost identical in sound and obviously identical in origin; for your philologist takes no stock of an intrusive "y" or "h" when nosing for a derivative.

So I took a leaf out of Paddy's book, and never a dusky colleen went by clothed in a smile and more or less scanty and diaphanous garments but I gave her "Your Honor" with true Hibernian fervency and unctuousness. They all looked pleased, returned the courtesy, and passed on—sometimes, I fancied, a trifle lingeringly. And I blessed the Irish boys and the seductive Irish brogue they had left behind them and which I had adroitly borrowed for the occasion.

And as day succeeded day, surprise accumulated upon surprise. I found that there were no snakes in Tahiti, also that pigs abounded everywhere, even sharing the family cabins of their owners. The association in my mind between Ireland and Tahiti was growing closer and closer. But as yet I did not realize that I was already trembling on the verge of a great ethnological discovery.

Then all of a sudden one day, when I was standing amid a clump of coconut palms—when a brown little naked boy had said "Iorana" and a black, little pig had scampered away from my intruding presence with a grunt of protest—there came to me a flash of inspiration. Hitherto I had been thinking only of the modern Irishman. But now the ancient Hibernian smote my vision—the men who had ante-dated even Brian Boru of medieval renown by centuries and cycles of centuries—the Celts of prehistoric ages.

Hoorooosh! The vexed problem of the origin of the South Sea Islanders was at last solved. The Tahitians were Celts, descendants of adventurous Irishmen who in far-distant times had sailed to these tropical islands carrying with them their favorite domestic animal, their language, their innate courtesy and soft insinuating ways.

When this astounding discovery burst upon me with conclusive force, I felt as did Watt when he first saw the steam-driven wheels go round or Graham Bell when the first answering voice came back along the telephone wire. And during my prolonged stay in Tahiti, my subsequent wanderings to other and far-away South Sea Islands, my patient researches among the Maoris of New Zealand and adventurous journeys to the bush abodes of unclothed Australian aboriginals, once the main logical induction had been duly arrived at it was merely a case of piling proof upon proof to establish its truth with mathematical certitude.

A Scot myself, I had been somewhat reluctantly compelled at the outset of my investigations to award the palm exclusively to my Irish cousins. But it was only by broadening the basis of my thesis, and by pushing back the South Sea invasion to a sufficiently remote period when Scot and Irishman were one, ere the disastrous split into separate and oftentimes hostile Celtic septa—Irish, Scots, Welsh, Manx, Cornishmen and Bretons—had yet begun, that I was enabled to prove to my entire satisfaction the Celtic ancestry of the peoples of Polynesia.

Take the matter of garments, for example. Just recall my picture of the vender of walking sticks on board the deck of our incoming steamer. The kilt and plaid, nothing more nor less, of my Scottish forefathers! The sporran and the cairngorm shoulder-brooch have been lost during the progress of the centuries. But the essentials remain, with even a traceable survival of the old tartan designs in the cotton materials which for climatic reasons have taken the place of the woolen homespun of the rugged northland.

Yes, and not only the Highland costumes, but the Highland clan system. This system, as established and perpetuated in Tahiti by the ancient Celtic adventurers, I was enabled to study at the home of my friend, Tati Salmon, chief of the Tevas. The Tevas hold their lands in common and their chieftain in the most profound veneration. Up to the time of the French occupation they used to be engaged in perpetual and bloody feuds with the neighboring clans. Indeed all the island clans periodically "lifted" one another's pigs and sweet potatoes just as the Scottish Highlanders "lifted" one another's cattle. It was a case of foray and fighting all the time, in medieval Tahiti just as in medieval Caledonia. The analogy is complete and convincing.

And the name of the Teva clan itself—this commands attention. My philological researches show that the name was originally Mateva. Now we know that the "k" in the Hawaiian dialect of the Polynesian language is dropped in the Tahitian dialect. For example, the intoxicating drink both races indulge in—the hereditary whisky habit, be it observed, of both Scots and Irish—is known as "kava" in Honolulu and as "ava" in Tahiti. "Mateva" was therefore originally "Makteva," and here we have clearly one of the Celtic clan names. The Tevas or Maktevas of Tahiti can only be descended from the same stock as the Clan MacTavish of Scotland, some hardy voyager of that ilk reaching Tahiti by way of Hawaii and dropping the "k" from his name only after he had left the more northerly group of islands. Grimm's law is not more conclusive in its etymological deductions.

When I had made this quite clear to my learned friend Tati Salmon, we shook hands as brother Scots—"brither Scots," I should write it. And to celebrate my wonderful discovery, he straightway prepared in true Hielan fashion a great banquet and a great gathering of the singers of his clan.

Never shall I forget that night beneath the wide-spread bougainvillea which forms a superb portico to Chief Salmon's ancestral home at Papara. We had dined on all the many succulent dainties the island affords, including the invariable dish of honor, suckling pig cooked in an earth oven together with yams, taro roots and fei or wild

bananas—a dish fit for the gods for the approved domestication of the roes. Then to crown the feast, the white delicate heart of the banana whence springs the famed gastronomic souvenir of a Polynesian close upon 10 o'clock when the entertainer led the way from the veranda on the ocean side of the spacious open-air restaurant to the mountains and canopied by the blooms of the giant bougainvillea.

There, dimly revealed by shafts of the full moon, leafy interstices, were many hundred singers, men and women under the encompassing clumps of shrubbery were of the clan, come to hear the even their sleeping babies so that the mothers as well might enjoy the nocturnal

And such singing, such kind I had never before equal this vocal performance there was the song of grief and while the voices rolled words and impassioned music. Tati, tall and handsome, chieftain among his devoted more than this—a prince of land, the gracious and dignified ar of fame, master of all the pean languages as well as of nesian tongue, old-time friend of Louis Stevenson, the most today in all the South Sea to the chief!" My whole sentiment, and as the night and my great ethnologist, I curried to mind, I was an ancient Celtic conascent.

Even here, beneath the moon, the proofs were "The Gathering of the Departing Canoes," "Warriors"—these were the And were they not just today preserved in the Highlands of Scotland? Donald Dhu!"—Great God, skinned Tahitians were the same words or exactly the lilt and the spirit of the song were there. And as I gied when, at the end of the drone of the bagpipes, music till a woman's voice the next stanza and then the choir joined in again. bagpipes! Again I walked

Yet another conclusive ory! I was deeply agitated close of the chant, with the of the prolonged drone, I see them."

"There are no pigs here,"

swered.

"But I heard the drum," I persisted.

"Wait a minute. As the next song, come with me."

So, when the night rose once more, I ascended the far end of the flower-enclosed there in the last row of perhaps a dozen men, spears on the ground, and as they bodles forward and as they ing from abdominal tones I had many a time days on the heather-dotted Scotland.

I could have wept in emotion. It was not that had deeply stirred me, hard, stern, Aberdeen was overpowering me. Celts had brought their South Seas, and while no doubt, of temper and lost the actual instruments sic, with indomitable they had preserved the it down from generation through their Tahitian

Out in the moonlight I Tati Salmon, and, sharing asm, the chief of the Polynishes there and then let sanctum sanctorum, where

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY)



Edmund Mitchell as Tahitian



Study in evolution from coat-hanger.



Mr. Mitchell addressing



and Mitchell

# Polynesian Celts as Seen at Their Homes.

bananas—a dish fit for the gods—was served for the approved descendants of the roes. Then to crown the feast there was a white delicate heart of the tree of life whence springs the tufted foliage, a gastronomic souvenir of a lifetime.

There, dimly revealed by the shafts of the full moon, were many leafy interstices, were masses of a hundred singers, men and women, under the encompassing trees and clumps of shrubbery were as many of the clan, come to hear the song even their sleeping babies laid so that the mothers as well as the might enjoy the nocturnal harmony.

And such singing, such harmony, kind I had never before heard equal this vocal performance. There was the song of greeting to the chief and while the voices rolled forth words and impassioned music, Tati, tall and handsome, assuredly the chieftain among his devoted clan, more than this—a prince among men, the gracious and dignified leader of fame, master of all the local pean languages as well as of the neesian tongue, old-time friend of Louis Stevenson, the most stirring today in all the South Sea Islands to the chief! My whole heart was sentiment, and as the singing and my great ethnological knowledge hurried to mind, I was proud of ancient Celtic consanguinity.

Even here, beneath the moon, the proofs were all of "The Gathering of the Clan," "The Departing Canoes," "The Warriors"—these were some of the And were they not just the same as are today preserved in the Highlands of Scotland? "Donald Dhu!"—Great Scott, if the skinned Tahitians were not the same words or exactly the same to lift and the spirit of the old song were there. And my nerve failed when, at the end of each stanza the drone of the bagpipes, music till a woman's shrill voice the next stanza and then the choir joined in again. The bagpipes! Again I waited, again I waited.

Yet another conclusive proof of my theory! I was deeply agitated, close of the chant, with the first of the prolonged drone, I turned to see them.

"Where are your pipers, chief?"

"There are no pipers," he answered.

"But I heard the drone of the bagpipes."

"Wait a minute. After the next song, come with me."

So, when the mighty drone of the bagpipes once more, I accompanied him to the far end of the flower-canopied grove where in the last row of the grove perhaps a dozen men, squatting on the ground, slowly moved their bodies forward and as they did so, from abdominal depths the tones I had many a time heard in the heather-clad hills of Scotland.

I could have wept in the emotion. It was not the music that had deeply stirred me. It was the hard, stern, Aberdeen University was overpowering me. Clearly the Celts had brought their bagpipes to the South Seas, and while in the grove doubt, of tempest and war, the actual instruments of war, with indomitable Celtic spirit, they had preserved the drone of the bagpipes from generation to generation through their Tahitian descendants.

Out in the moonlight I explained to Tati Salmon, and, sharing in my joy, the chief of the Polynesian Celts there and then led me to the sanctum sanctorum, where we



Edmund Mitchell as a sub-chief of the Tahitian Clan Marc Terrish.



Mr. Mitchell photographing his Celtic cousins in mid-Australia.



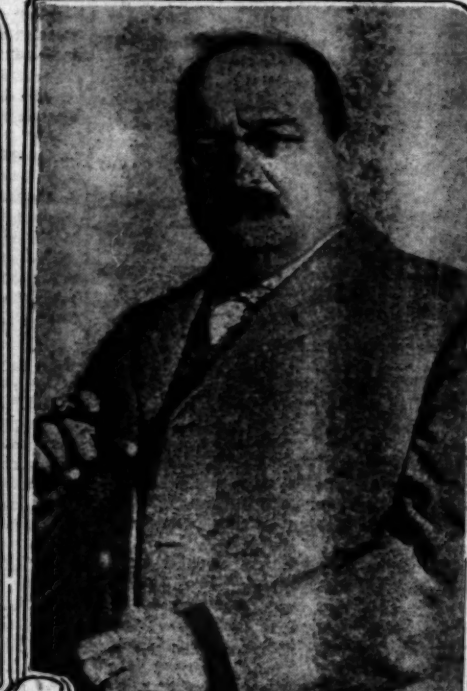
In evolution—from boomerang to cut-throat.



Studying the Scotch sword dance among the Maoris.



Mr. Mitchell addressing the Maori Celtic Club of Ohinemutu.



Edmund Mitchell

Liberty U. PRICE 2

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Question

Preside Post W do No Territo

WASHINGTON United late ho no notification American com ited to Belgi obtain new e of authority. communicate amined, high can governm determine a Officials ha involved as and would s study various ing a decisio In reply to to the statu President Wil ter would, of can Minister he left the c Mr. Whitte dealing unoff military auth to the Belgi is at Havre, CONEU

The status are given spe to exercise th sent a more c has been no g the past on Ject, but the term "occupie definition adop ference of 18 States as wel countries of U By that acti regarded as "c itself placed thority of th cupation onl tories where lished and in closed. Under that

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...dotes Gathered  
...ny Sources.

...s wasn't in it.

T A DINNER the other evening  
...talk topic turned to a bunch of  
...anecdotes was exploded by Congressman  
...Webb of North Carolina.  
...at the cigar store some time  
...Congressman said, the Russian names  
...about the war and remarking  
...ave one something worse than the  
...to pronounce the Russian names  
...named Benners, who was sitting  
...ly smiled.

These Russian names are nothing  
...marked. "You just ought to hear  
...back up against in my own home  
...of my life."  
"What's that?" demanded one of  
...ulars, with an amazed expression.  
...mean to say that you have  
...your family who can put a kick  
...ar's syllabic twists?"  
"Well, I should say that I have!"  
...ful rejoinder of Benners. "I  
...ght to hear the baby and the parrot  
...y got to talking together."—[The  
...a Telegraph.]

...aka.

THE little boys of Brussels,  
...Henri Monnet, French Consul  
...ancon, "played not long ago a  
...a German officer.  
"A band of twenty or more  
...th carrots stuck in the crown  
...is in imitation of the German  
...ed in military line. As the  
...approached they began to do  
...a parade, or goose step. The  
...all, too. They kept the leg stiff  
...ry high and turned the toe well  
... their heads were bent gravely  
...me angle, toward the German  
...The only trouble was they  
...nce. They brought down their  
...one, two; one, two—in the goose  
...oy remained quite stationary.  
"The officer smiled. "What are  
...boys?" he said.  
"Then the leader of the Belgians  
...uted and answered:  
"We are playing that we're the  
...arching on Paris. This is the  
...keep perfectly still—can't it?"  
...ton Star.

...rtise Not Rewarded.

WILLIE came home from school  
...bitarily. "Mother," he said,  
...not going to try and be good  
...Why, Willie, whatever is the  
...quired his mother.  
"Boo! hoo!" sobbed Willie. "I  
...school today, and I—I saw Tully  
...bent pin on the teacher's desk  
...because I did not want teacher  
...to p-in I—I pulled his chair away  
...at on the floor. He gave me a  
...or pulling his chair away, and he  
...and when I got outside the school  
...smith hit me for pulling the pin  
...and not mindin' my own business."  
...on Tully-hits.

...The Reason.

AROLD BEGGIE quotes in  
...an Irish an amusing story  
...from the doctor of a little town  
...ted in the course of his tour of  
...I was rung up pretty late one  
...a peasant from an outlying village  
...miles away. It was in the day  
...and a car. The wind was blowing  
...the rain was sweeping against  
...and it was deadly cold. The peasant  
...rather shamefacedly if I would  
...see his mother. I invited him  
...Patrick," I said to him, "your  
...very old woman."  
"I know that, doctor," he said.  
"She's over 80, Patrick."  
"She's all that, doctor."  
"And nothing that I could  
...would be of the smallest use to  
..."Surre, doctor," said he, "I know  
...it's the truth you are telling me  
...poor mother, do you see, would  
...come and fetch you because she  
...want to die a natural death."

# The Married Life of Helen and Warren.

By Mabel Herbert Urner.

## A FINICKY GUEST.

WARREN had just started to dress  
when Helen tapped at his door.  
"Dear, come open the wine first—  
...not so much to do."  
"What's she getting along?" following her  
...to the mark tonight."  
...never served so many courses be-  
...commodily. "It's a lot for one girl to  
...should have had someone to help  
...don't get her rattled. Here, this  
...no good. Hold on—I can make  
...the sauterne back on the ice,  
...further instructions to Emma,  
...her own room to dress.  
...she should not have attempted  
...course—it was too much for one  
...serve. But since it was New  
...they had invited Mr. Leonard,  
...Warren's best clients, Helen wanted  
...a somewhat pretentious dinner.  
...Curtis, I don't put on knives for  
...do it," called Emma.  
...no, only a fork for fish. Wait,"  
...the dining-room half-dressed.  
...relish, fish, roast and salad—  
...four forks at each place. No,  
...better knife beside the bread-and-  
...plate—this way. Oh, Emma, it's  
...you should have had this table set  
...right, ma'am; I've got everything  
...ready."

Half-hour was an anxious one,  
...promptly at 7 the Leonards were  
...the dinner was far from being  
...serve. But Helen knew that to  
...Emma now would only flus-  
...get a mighty attractive place  
...declared Mr. Leonard, a big,  
...comfortable-looking man.  
...like it. Not bad-sized rooms  
...New York apartment."  
...that a wonderful view," enthused  
...holding back the window cur-  
...this nervous, ring-laden hand.  
...dinner is always a trying  
...period, and Helen, who had  
...watching the folding doors,

drew a breath of relief when they parted  
and Emma announced primly:  
"Dinner is served."  
"Mrs. Leonard, will you sit here?" Helen  
motioned her to the seat that gave the best  
view of the apartment.  
"Please don't think me rude—but is there  
any fish in this?" faltered Mrs. Leonard,  
glancing up from the dainty canape that  
Helen had made with such care. "I know  
it's stupid of me, but I can't eat fish in any  
form—it makes me deathly ill."  
"I'm so sorry," Helen's heart sank as she  
thought of the special fish course. "But  
there's only a little anchovy paste in that—  
really I don't think you'll mind it."  
"It looks very appetizing, but I wouldn't  
dare," laying down her fork.  
"That's all right, Mrs. Curtis," Mr. Leon-  
ard assured her tactfully. "I'm particularly  
fond of anchovies and I always count on my  
wife's portion."  
But when Emma removed the relish  
plates and served the clam broth, to Helen's  
dismay Mrs. Leonard, after the first sip, left  
hers untasted.  
"It's too bad," murmured Helen unhap-  
pily, "that we've both clams and fish to-  
night, but it's Friday, and our fish man  
had such tempting—"  
"Please don't think of it! I don't mind  
in the least, and you're giving Mr. Leonard  
a real treat—you see, he doesn't get it at  
home."

As a rule, Warren was never disconcerted  
by any hitch in the dinner, but Helen saw  
his frown deepen when Emma brought in  
the large Spanish mackerel, carefully gar-  
nished and broiled to a delicate brown.  
"I say, this is rotten luck," as he started  
to carve it. "Helen, isn't there anything  
else Mrs. Leonard can have?"  
"Why—yes, of course," stammered  
Helen wretchedly, knowing there was noth-  
ing but a left-over pork chop in the icebox.  
"Please—please don't!" implored Mrs.  
Leonard. "Oh, yes, I want some potatoes,"  
as Emma, puzzled at her empty plate, passed  
her by.  
Catching Emma's eye, Helen significantly  
touched her wine glass. If only she would  
serve the wine quickly and keep the glasses  
filled!

Warren and Mr. Leonard were now talk-  
ing politics while Mrs. Leonard told Helen  
of her experiences last summer in Nor-  
way, where they had had nothing but fish—  
and she had almost starved.  
"Don't eat that mashed potato alone,"  
begged Helen. "I know you don't like it."  
"But I do," heroically. "I'm so used to  
eating potatoes through the fish course that  
I've really come to like them."  
When at length Emma placed before War-  
ren the huge platter with the rich brown,  
portly roast turkey, Helen leaned back with  
a sigh of relief.  
"Now, Mrs. Leonard, here's where you  
come in," as Warren carved her a generous  
portion of the breast.  
"Yes," laughingly, "I think I can make  
out very well on that."

Helen in her anxiety had eaten almost  
nothing; but, feeling that things were now  
running smoothly, she began to enjoy the  
dinner.  
It was several moments before Helen  
noticed that the turkey and dressing on  
Mrs. Leonard's plate were untouched—that  
she was eating only the vegetables. What  
could it mean? Then in a flash she knew  
—the oyster dressing! But how could the  
flavor penetrate the whole turkey? Surely  
this was being over-finicky!  
A moment's indecision; then Helen de-  
cided not to notice it. That was plainly  
what Mrs. Leonard wanted, and it would  
be less embarrassing for them all.  
But Warren, as he carved a second  
portion for her husband, turned to Mrs. Leon-  
ard with a hearty: "Now, can't I do some-  
thing for you?" Then tactlessly: "Why,  
what's this? You haven't touched your  
turkey."  
"Oh, yes—yes, I have," with evident em-  
barrassment, "and it's delicious, but I'm  
really not very hungry."  
When they finally arose from the table  
and went back to the front room, Helen had  
the heartsick feeling that the dinner had  
been a failure. She realized now that Mrs.  
Leonard would have been much more com-  
fortable had they not made so much of her  
unfortunate antipathy. It would have been  
far better to have quietly ignored it.  
The Leonards left early. It was only a

little after 10 when the 'phone rang and  
the hallboy announced that their car was  
waiting.

"I can't tell you how much I've enjoyed  
the evening," declared Mrs. Leonard, with  
an over-effusiveness that Helen knew was  
only another proof of the evening's fail-  
ure.

Feeling that it would be less awkward for  
Warren to see them off alone, Helen did not  
go out to the elevator.

When Warren came back, she turned to  
him with a desperate "Oh, dear, it was aw-  
ful! It COULDN'T have been worse!"

"What in thunder made you ring in fish  
for every course? Gad, you manage to  
queer things! Laid yourself out for it this  
time."

"How could I know she didn't eat fish?"  
exclaimed. "Oh, why did New Year's come  
on Friday—everyone has fish and oysters  
on Friday!"

"They don't have it in every blamed thing.  
It was bad enough, but you had to keep  
harping on it. You couldn't let the woman  
alone."

"Why, Warren, you were the one that  
kept talking about it. I wasn't going  
to even notice the turkey—if you hadn't."

"Well, she had to have something she  
could eat—didn't she? You sat there like  
a nunny—and it was up to me to get it."

"But there wasn't a thing but a cold pork  
chop—I didn't think she'd want eggs. Oh,  
dear, I'm just sick over it! I planned all  
week for this dinner, and it WAS a good  
dinner and Emma served it very well. It  
was just because Mrs. Leonard couldn't eat  
—and surely that wasn't my fault!"

"It wasn't, eh? Well, any woman with  
the brains of a rabbit could have handled  
that situation a blooming sight better than  
you did. Next time I invite anybody worth  
while to dinner—I'll play safe and take 'em  
to a restaurant."

[Copyright, 1914, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.]

[Detroit Free Press:] "Is he a good  
lawyer?"

"I should say he is. He's acquitted some  
of our most notorious criminals."

# Men, Women and Affairs in the Kaleidoscope.

By Genevieve Farnell-Bond.

## THE NEW YEAR.

...mysterious passing of the year  
...revives to new and rare delights,  
...new to all I have held dear.

...New Year, I love you so,  
...you spread fresh highways for  
...my cup with life, that still  
...by or sorrowing I go.

...Worth While.

...the walls down, and get outside of  
...personal self of yours. If you  
...how to do it, resolve that you  
...very soon you will be shown the  
...out of the narrow way of look-  
...everything from your own playtime,  
...You've done it so long  
...have come to the conclusion that  
...who disagrees with you can pos-  
...right—that there is no way of see-  
...exception as you see it.  
...the label of your little judgments  
...and laid aside impartially. A per-  
...but to decline to judge another  
...have labeled "bad," to bring the  
...upon himself, and get a label.  
...yourself on your intuitions and  
...human nature. Your in-  
...spell imagination. Your  
...of human nature spells suspi-

...clon. You have browbeaten and bulldozed  
yourself into self-denials that in your heart  
of hearts you abominate. You envy those  
who dare to live their lives and express the  
normal and healthful qualities of human  
nature. Because you envy, you hate, and  
if you are able you rend and tear these peo-  
ple—or their reputations, which is worse—  
in the name of virtue and self-righteous-  
ness. It is only because they are doing the  
things you want to do, and dare not.

No, I do not mean that these people nec-  
essarily break any of the Ten Command-  
ments, and that you wish to do the same—  
although I know you would like to catch  
them at it. They may be as pure as new-  
born babes. It is simply that they have  
discovered the rhythm of being for them-  
selves, and live in harmony with it. They  
go through life as a rider who understands  
the motion of his horse, and moves easily  
with it. You are the rider who has been  
sitting rigidly in the saddle, opposing the  
motion of the horse. The result is you are  
pounded about and bruised with every  
movement. What wonder that you find life  
uncomfortable? And you feel the fault is  
anywhere but in yourself?

Try to get outside of yourself, and take a  
bird's-eye view of all things—men, women  
and affairs. Relax those rigid moral mus-  
cles. Their rigidity is no protection to your  
goodness. The truly good man or woman is  
not afraid of himself or herself. Resolve  
this New Year that you won't be afraid of  
yourself. You don't believe half as you  
pretend to, anyway. Come out of it, and  
be real. It will not make you worse, but  
better morally.

## New Year "Never Again."

If you haven't thought up any, here are  
a few timely suggestions:

For hubby: Never again to spend a mo-  
ment out of the presence of the wife unac-  
companied by a trustworthy guardian ap-  
pointed by her, who will report faithfully  
all of your doings, even to the irregular  
quiver of an eyelash, or the drinking of  
coco-cola instead of buttermilk.

Never again to be such a brute as to  
want to stay at home when the wife wishes  
to go out, or to wish to go out—by yourself  
—when wife desires you to stay at home in  
the bosom of your family.

Never again to growl, grumble or swear,  
or pretend to be asleep when the wife pokes  
you in the back and asks you to walk with  
the baby in the middle of the night.

Never again to threaten to forbid trades-  
people to allow the wife credit if she and  
the girls do not cease their extravagance—  
when the monthly bills come in.

Never again to forget to peck wife on the  
cheek upon leaving her in the morning and  
coming home at night, to tell her that her  
frightful new "Harry Lauder" bonnet is a  
perfect gem, and that her "fourteen-year-  
old" short dress is altogether too old-look-  
ing for her youthful figure.

For wife: Never again to make biscuits  
for breakfast until you have tried them on  
your own digestion for a few weeks in the  
absence of the rest of the family.

Never again to notice pa exchanging  
glances with the pretty girl across the aisle  
all the way downtown.

Never again to keep the lights turned on  
when pa has been detained downtown "on

business," in order to see what time he  
gets home, or to insist on his kissing you  
that you may smell his breath.

Never again to come to the table hair in  
crimpers and wearing a soiled kimono.

Never again to subject pa to spells of  
lacrymose reproaches, telling him that he  
doesn't love you any more.

For lovers, married or single: Never to  
miss an opportunity to tell the dear old  
story over and over again.

Never to lose the coquettish elusiveness  
that makes lovers so delightful to each  
other.

Never again to spend the sweets of young  
lover souls in cheap flirtations when there  
is such a world of real happiness at your  
command.

Never to become insensible to the deli-  
cious tremblings and flutterings of your  
own lover heart, or to become lax in all of  
those lovely attentions and givings that  
help to keep a keen response a-thrill in the  
heart of the beloved.

## Their Resolutions.

They were young as April as they pressed  
close to a window full of wonderful confec-  
tions.

"What bad habits are you going to give  
up this New Year?" he asked.

"You," she answered briefly; "what bad  
habits are you going to give up?"

"Letting you have your own way," he re-  
sponded firmly, "so our engagement stands."

"Very well, then, go in and buy me that  
heart-shaped box of candy." And both New  
Year resolutions went the way of their  
kind.

...Women's Club,  
...and Artists.  
...United War Keown,  
...of Local Society.

WASHINGTON. Prominent Repub-  
licans and Senators are advocating a plat-  
form for the strengthening of the Monroe

QUEEN'S NOTION.  
There is one person in Washington  
who declares that the reports are fa-  
lacious, created for the purpose of de-

at any time since Madero was assass-  
inated.

...Eight K  
...BY BO

Liberty Under Law  
PRICE 2 1/2 CENTS

REFUSE  
G

Question of  
Bruss

President W  
Post Where  
do Nothing  
Territory.

WASHINGTON.  
United States  
late hour toni-  
no notification from  
American consuls, o-  
ited to Belgium, wou-  
obtain new equatun-  
of authority. Until  
communicated and  
amed, high official  
lean government wou-  
determine a course  
Officials here reg-  
Involved as of a d  
and would may only  
study various preced-  
ing a decision.  
In reply to a ques-  
to the status of B  
President Wilson rep-  
ter would, of course  
can Minister to Belg-  
he left the country  
Mr. Whitlock is  
dealing unofficially  
military authorities,  
to the Belgian govern-  
is at Havre, France.  
CONSULAR O  
The status of cons-  
are given specified  
to exercise their aut-  
sent a more complex  
has been no general  
the past on this ph-  
ject, but the preces-  
term "occupied" was  
definition adopted by  
ference of 1899, to  
States as well as al-  
countries of the world  
By that definition  
garded as "occupied"  
thority of the host  
cupation only exten-  
sities where this au-  
lished and in a posi-  
Under that definit-

FOG SCR  
IN BA

LONDON, Dec. 28.  
the Austro-Germi-  
erations against the  
the allies' attacks up-  
lines in the west hav-  
precipitate progress, al-  
ing continues along  
of the two fronts was  
tensity. In both cas-  
armies appear to ha-  
against what seems t-  
penetrable lines.  
The Germans in the  
announces that they h-  
attacks on the Baur-  
with the Russian in-  
stands across their  
Warsaw.  
Fog has interfered  
in Flanders, but al-

EIGHT K  
BY BO



# Sanitation as an Element in Egg Production.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

## HELPS IN QUALITY.

**T**HAT the production of a prime quality of hen fruit is largely the result of wholesome feeding, conditions and environment answering to the requirements of good sanitation and cleanliness has long been recognized by experienced poultry breeders. The third element in the triumvirate that stands for success is, of course, good stock answering to standard requirements. In verification of this, the writer was much interested in the following incident related to him by so good an authority as L. C. Byce, the Nestor of the poultry industry of Petaluma:

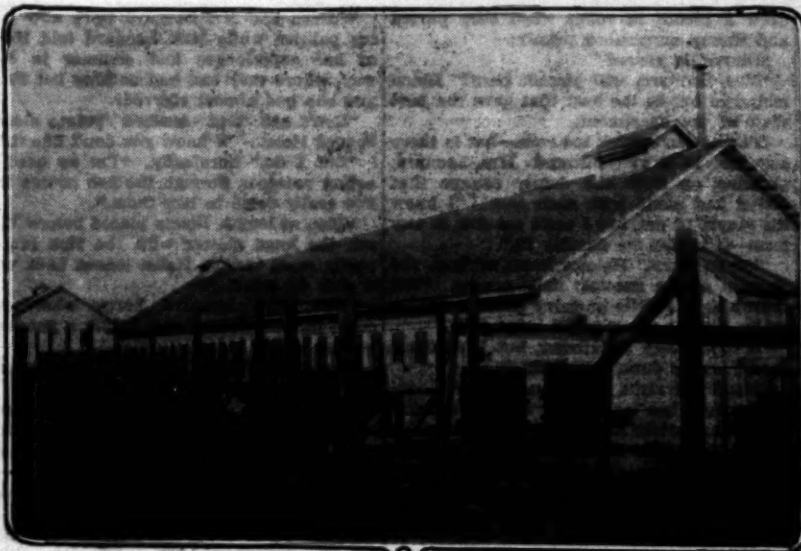
"I never tasted finer eggs," said Mr. Byce, "than during my attendance at a late Santa Cruz poultry show. Indeed, so pronounced was the flavor and eating quality that I determined to know more about them, and from whose yards they were secured. So I went to my landlord to learn where he purchased his hen fruit. Having gained this information, I soon found my man, and saw just what I expected. On this model plant cleanliness prevailed everywhere. Scratching facilities were a pronounced feature, which is an essential often neglected by breeders. For your hen must work to maintain a physical condition for doing good business at the old stand. Houses were in fine condition, and the flock of White Leghorns—(some 500 in number)—were of fine quality and free from vermin and disease. The feeding was along practical lines, showing a wholesome and well-balanced ration based on available supplies at the Santa Cruz markets. Here again cleanliness was the distinguishing feature—clean grains, clean and pure green foods, wholesome animal food, clear-cut grit, and all the little attentions that stand for success. So pronounced was this that the owner is enabled to realize a comfortable living from his fowl, while his products command a premium over the ruling prices in the local markets. The points brought out in this experience are that poultry culture is not a problem in the abstract sciences, but a matter of close attention to details—an observation of the rules of cleanliness from within as well as from without. You cannot build a silk purse out of a sow's ear, neither is it feasible to grow fine hen fruit and good carcasses in filthy quarters, nor by feeding contaminated and cheap feeding-stuffs. Simple, isn't it? Yet how many have failed with the American business hen, by failing to observe basic principles!"

### Managing the Family Flock.

The article on "How to Set Eggs in Winter," appearing in The Times Illustrated Weekly for November 21, has called out a number of letters from readers, detailing experiences and methods in feeding and managing fowl for egg-laying. For the most part these are from city and suburban poultry yards, where the number of fowl kept is not large, and hence voice practices and experiences covering family flocks, rather than large commercial plants. Space will not permit publishing all of them, nevertheless we give place to a short practical talk from Mrs. C. A. Richey, based on her experiences and the results attained by her methods:

"Feeding and managing a flock of hens so that winter eggs will result is certainly some problem, or the old-time poultry breeders would be sending plenty of eggs to market at that season of the year. Under such conditions we would probably be receiving no more for our product in winter than in the spring and summer. So after all there is for the hens a season of prolific egg production and one of a diminishing capacity. In spite of this, however, one can maintain egg-production covering the year to offset the extra trouble and attention. Just now I am able to induce my hens to lay quite well, the larger number of eggs harvested being sold for hatching and for incubation to replenish my own flock. Naturally I do not get so many as in the spring, still the number realized more than compensates for the extra care and attention."

"Possibly a word as to conditions and environments, feeding and management with my fowl may be of service to others simi-



A FINE TYPE OF BROODER HOUSE.

Southern California enjoys a number of quite pretentious establishments that make an exclusive business of growing pullets to a certain age, both on contract and for open sale, to the egg farm people. The illustration pictures one of the better class, capable of holding 6800 chicks in sixty-eight individual compartments or "runs." This house enjoys a fine hot water system, heated by distillate fed through hollow wire to the boiler.

larly situated. In the first place I have a clean, dry and sanitary pen for the birds to scratch in, 8x8 feet, under a long shed roof with a cement floor, a twelve-inch board in front which gives them exercise jumping backward and forward from scratching pen to run, with the dropping board and roosts along the back; the pen itself filled with straw about six or eight inches deep. When the straw is all worked into dust and dirt I replace it, putting the refuse on my garden for fertilizer. In the evening I feed a mixture of grain, hulled barley, kafir corn, wheat and a few sunflower seeds in this scratching material. Cold nights I always add a third cracked corn, and if very cold, whole corn. I feed plentifully so there will be some left over for the morning, hence I don't have to worry about getting out early for the morning feed. I always feed about an hour before sundown so they get warmed up scratching for the grain and also become fully satisfied. Between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning I give a warm mash of steamed barley, which at present is cheaper than oats. I use the latter when they are as cheap as the former. I pour boiling water on half a bucket of rolled barley, cover with a lid for half an hour, then add one pint alfalfa meal, one-quarter pint of buckwheat flour (the pure buckwheat, not that prepared for calves) one-half pint feed meal (corn meal), then bran until I have a crumbly mass all worked well together—a pinch of salt, and a little red pepper in rainy weather only, and sometimes I put in a good handful of oil meal. This fourteen-quart bucket of mash I divide among seventy to seventy-five hens.

"About noon, unless the weather prevents, I give fresh green stuff, kale, Swiss chard, stock beets (cut in two.) Essex rape or carrot tops, and sprouted barley or oats. I would give lawn clippings sometimes if available, which make an excellent green food. I cut young green alfalfa, and every day I wash out the drinking crocks, which hold plenty of water; but, above all, I keep their houses and yards clean and sanitary. Under these conditions and treatment I have been fairly successful in maintaining a paying egg-yield during our rainy or winter months."

### Damaged Rice as a Poultry Food.

Rice as an article of food for poultry is extensively used in China; but in this country, owing to the want of sufficient quantities available at a price that will warrant its use, it has commanded but little attention from poultrymen. The broken grains have, however, found some use in chick-feed mixtures; especially is this true of those put up in the Gulf States, and of later years in Texas. Now that rice culture has gained some foothold in the Sac-

ramento Valley its use as a poultry food may find a wider use. Breeders in the region of San Francisco Bay have now and then been able to make purchases of broken grains and under-grade quality rice at figures rendering it available for their purposes. This grain is especially rich in starch, the percentage being about 75. The hulls are so woody as to be of little value for feeding; rice bran, composed of the outside of the grain and portions of the germ, has a moderate feeding value; rice powder or flour has nutritive elements of real merit, which in a large measure accounts for the fact that in China it is fed in the shape of paddy (unhusked.) The economical thing, if rice is used at all, is to secure the broken grains or slightly damaged at a price that will make it available and corresponding to its feeding value.

### Economic Changes Overseas.

Recent information gleaned from the poultry and agricultural papers of England clearly indicates economic and commercial changes in utility poultry in that country. The price has advanced in London until eggs are selling at 6 cents apiece, and this, too, just at the season of the year when they are most plentifully produced on the farms of Great Britain. England imports immense quantities of eggs from Russia, and lesser amounts from Germany, Austria and Italy. With these countries in a state of war, supplies from that quarter have been greatly lessened, if not practically cut off. This has led to a greater activity in poultry culture on the farms of England, which though of some moment, is entirely inadequate to even supply a diminished demand owing to present high prices. In this contingency England will undoubtedly draw supplies from her colonies, notably Australia and Canada, both of which enjoy a considerable production in poultry products. This, in turn, must have a tendency to stiffen prices in the United States, espe-

## TRUE SILVER CAMPINES

The Poultry of the Distant Past, the Fowl of the Future, long established in Belgium, England and Canada, but comparatively rare in the United States. Selected and mated. Breeding birds for sale in the early fall.

Also Crystal White Orpingtons, selected Barred Rocks, White-faced Black Spanish (Rowan's sweeping prize winners.) Black Minorcas (ribbon getters.) "Red" R. I. Reds, and the always on-deck Single-comb White Leghorns.

Fowls and eggs in season.

FOOTHILL FEATHER FARM, No. 7069 W. Franklin Ave., Hollywood District. 30 minutes from the city, 15 minutes from Van Nuys, 45 minutes from the San Fernando Valley generally, via Cahuenga Pass. Phone Home 57273.

cially if the war shall be prolonged, of which leads us to predict that the eggs and carcass will be in great demand coming season. We are also of the opinion that from now on the demand for eggs from China will continue to be higher in price, and may continue to be correspondingly, nevertheless, we believe that the poultry breeder who is governed by conditions and the law of supply and demand, is facing a hard mand at good prices for his product.

### Nature's Way of Fighting Insects.

Did you ever notice how few insects are low in soft, moist dirt, literally buried over their bodies and allowing the particles to sift down through the soil? And if you are a novice at the problem, did it ever occur to you that this is nature's way of eliminating insects from her body? Hens are too busy to be in wet dirt; too sensible to be in cold and damp situations; and when sufficiently dried off, they are up thoroughly and the dust is applied. If this is not feasible, they will moderate size, fill it with moderate earth, place in a corner, and notice how few insects are in the dust bath; the bathtub of dust it that your birds have during these dry summer days.

### From Far and Near.

Recently the Brazilian Society of Poultry held its first annual convention at Rio de Janeiro, and the first of the last hundred years the breeders have produced the best table fowls, the Cornish they have outdone themselves and produced a breed that excels for the table the world has ever known. The English are experts in shape, and color, but so are fanciers of other varieties. It is only in meat-producing poultry that they stand supreme, and all meat producing fowls the Cornish. The breed was made in Great Britain by Englishmen, from stock found in the penning of the Cornish by crossing with the English. If they are not English, what are

of Seattle from China 3500 and eggs, the latter removed from the shell and placed in hermetically-sealed forty-four pounds capacity.



### Don't Neglect Your Cornish.

In the summer. Try our Cornish of Feeding as described in our "Chickens from Shell to Market" Coulson Co., Petaluma, Cal.



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Best made—75 lb. sack

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116-118 E. 7th St., Los Angeles

## Illustrated Weekly.

cases of eggs weighing 6,540,368, or a little more than 3270 tons. This gives the total number of eggs in the case 5,574,075 dozens of Chinese hen. There was also aboard this ship as cargo 2941 cases of dressed poultry, of two dozen birds to the case, a total of 5552 dozens of poultry in storage. All of which suggests the question, "What about restoring the tariff on poultry products?"

away from home to learn the news," American Poultry Journal (Chicago) is responsible for the statement that F. M. recently from California, is preparing to establish a large poultry and squab farm in Tucson, Ariz.

the admission of the three varieties of Cornish breed into the Standard will tend to strengthen them in the mind, and we look for an ever-increasing popularity for this practical fowl in the English class. The importations that come to us from England seem to be well under California conditions, and the stock shows every evidence of good qualities.

an experiment covering eight years with laying Barred Rock hens at the station, the average annual yield was 100 eggs. Allowing for the fact that these choice selected, what must be the number of eggs of the average hen on an average California ranch?

### Does The Cornish Breed Belong?

The following contribution to this debate, John D. Mercer, one of the oldest breeders in Southern California and a long fancier of choice poultry, makes a plea for transferring the Cornish from the Oriental class (where it now stands) to the English class. In addition to his plea for doing so, he also tells how the Cornish classes came to be given geographical names:

What is a typical English fowl? The answer might be expressed in one word, Cornish. For the last hundred years the Cornish they have outdone themselves and produced a breed that excels for the table the world has ever known. The English are experts in shape, and color, but so are fanciers of other varieties. It is only in meat-producing poultry that they stand supreme, and all meat producing fowls the Cornish. The breed was made in Great Britain by Englishmen, from stock found in the penning of the Cornish by crossing with the English. If they are not English, what are

good show specimens of Cornish have been made except in England or English exports. I refer to the dark Cornish, from which imitations have been made, yet they lack the true Cornish. The dark Cornish is the true type of English. To place it in any class other than the English would be a misrepresentation, an injustice to the English, and to the Americans who have spent forty years in the making; and to the Americans who are almost unanimous in favor of the Cornish placed in the English class. As for classifying, I claim that origin, shape nor color influenced the making of the American Standard. I have read the first edition, and remember the early discussions in regard to the making of the Standard. The Cornish came from China, and the dark Cornish came from the Orient. They were put in the Asiatic class, Wyandottes, etc., in the American Standard. It was understood that Leghorns, Black Spanish, etc., came from the Mediterranean class. The Cornish, however, were put in the Asiatic class.

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fanciers by selection and breeding create new varieties of the breed, but not a new breed. The Cornish in any class but the English is an injustice to American fanciers, who were almost unanimous in asking the American Poultry Association to transfer the breed from the Asiatic class to the English class in the Standard. This has been allowed by the committee on standard revision, and will appear in the new edition.

**The Overcoats**  
Models That Were Formerly Priced at \$7.50 to \$10 —In fact, until two weeks ago— \$4 and \$5.99



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# The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

## Railroad Constipation.

FEW people seem to realize that railroad journeys, even those lasting only three or four hours, are constipating to most persons. The constipating effect is due to the constant jarring of the coaches which stops, or lessens, the muscular contractions in the walls of the intestines. As these contractions are necessary for the movement of the intestinal contents, anything that inhibits them produces a condition of stasis and constipation.

This condition may last a day or two; but it usually corrects itself on long journeys, such as trips from coast to coast, because on these journeys the system has an opportunity to adjust itself to the unnatural jarring. Before this adjustment has taken place, however, the traveler is likely to suffer from headache and other discomforts attendant upon constipation, either during the journey itself, or immediately after. Children are affected as well as adults.

It is a wise precaution, therefore, to take some form of laxative before starting on a railroad journey of any considerable length. Any one of the half-dozen vegetable laxatives will do, preferably the one found by experience to be most satisfactory. But failing in this, a Seidlitz powder taken during the journey or immediately after, is usually effective. These simple measures will prevent the familiar "car headache" in most instances.

Persons accustomed to railroading are not affected by the unnatural jarring. Indeed, some railroad men suffer from constipation when not making their customary runs.

## Drink Water—Plenty of It.

Most persons, particularly those whose occupations do not necessitate vigorous bodily exercise, drink too little water.

It is generally known, of course, that persons who are rheumatic, or subject to neuralgia, or constipation, are benefited by copious water-drinking. But there are many other persons with symptoms much less pronounced, who would be benefited by a similar routine.

This is readily understood when we consider that every portion of our bodies is composed of cells—billions of them in each cubic inch—and that each cell must be bathed constantly in fluids in order to live. The basis of all these fluids is water. And this water must be changed and replenished often if the cells are to be kept in a healthy condition.

When persons take vigorous exercise the cells of their bodies use up the surrounding fluids rapidly and demand a fresh supply. The demand is expressed in the sensation of thirst. And thus the individual is stimulated to drink the amount of water essential to good health. But the person of sedentary habits does not have this insistent demand thrust upon him, and as a result his cells are bathed constantly in stagnant fluids and prevented from performing their normal functions vigorously. This produces all manner of bodily ailments, ranging in severity from indefinite feelings of discomfort and depression to actual systemic diseases.

Persons who wish to keep "up to the mark" should drink water systematically regardless of the feeling of actual thirst—before breakfast, between meals, and at bedtime.

## Is Bright's Disease Increasing?

"Every disease, like every dog, has its day; and this appears to be the day of Bright's disease," says Woods Hutchinson. But he goes on to say that this seeming increase is only apparent, due largely to the fact that our modern habit of taking out life insurance has led to the detection of many cases of kidney trouble which have hitherto escaped attention for years.

A generation ago almost any affection of the kidneys which caused albumin to appear in the urine was considered incurable. "Nowadays," says the doctor, "although the presence of albumin in the urine is always a serious and disquieting symptom, yet it does not inspire the terror-stricken panic which it used to cause. We know what a great number of different influences may cause albumin to appear temporarily in the

urine, so that a large number of cases of albuminuria are curable, or will get well of themselves.

"Even if albumin persists in the urine, it may be only due to an inflammation or damage of a small part of one kidney, and the kidney has wonderful powers of compensation, especially when assisted by the skin and liver. So that by skillful utilization of all the reserve powers of nature, by dieting, bathing, sweating, and the sparing use of certain helpful drugs, especially purges, we can hold the situation in balance, and keep the blood sufficiently purified for years and even decades; in fact, until the patient dies of something else."

## Sciatica, Sore Muscles, and Bad Teeth.

Every day it is becoming more apparent that our teeth, both coming and going, are responsible for a large proportion of our bodily ills and discomforts. Having made life miserable for the first three years of our existence by the pain of their energetic sprouting, they forthwith start a campaign of torture—aching nerve roots, swollen jaws, and excruciating drillings or extractions, with an occasional variation in the form of ulceration or abscess.

But these are merely the direct effects of their machinations. Meanwhile, they are actively engaged in producing all manner of other diseases covering a whole coteries of ailments from sore muscles to sciatica and tic douloureux.

A member of the New York Neurological Institute recently reported a series of cases of nervous disorders which recovered promptly when diseased teeth were either extracted or properly treated. For example, one patient complained of "pins and needles" sensation in hands and feet, pain and tenderness in the muscles of the legs, points that were painful to the touch all along the spine, and mental irritation bordering closely on actual insanity. Her teeth were in bad condition. But three weeks of energetic treatment not only cured the teeth, but all the other aches and ailments as well.

Other cases that were cured by treating the teeth were sciaticas, painful joints, and throbbing neuralgias in various nerves. From all of which it is obvious, since we cannot prevent teeth from growing, or decaying after they have grown, that it is advisable to take them to a good dentist occasionally, and give them intelligent home-treatment between times if we expect to maintain a reasonably comfortable existence.

## Testing Drugs on Plants.

An English scientist has concluded a series of drug tests on plants which demonstrate that the motile organs of certain plants are affected by medicines and electricity in much the same manner as animal tissues. "The rhythmic pulsations seen in the motile organ of the desmodium were physiologically in every way closely analogous to those observed in the hearts of animals," says the official report of the experiments. "Chemical agents such as carbon dioxide, chloroform, etc., which are depressants to man, were found also to be depressants to plants. Acids and alkalies produced similar effects on the contraction of the animal heart and the contractile organ of the desmodium. The importance of dose, of concentration, of the agents which were used in the study of plant reactions were quite as great as that in animal studies, and depressant drugs were found to be stimulant when given in very small amounts to plants, just as is the case with animals."

Moreover, it was found that the plant, like the animal, becomes fatigued by the action of a drug after a certain time, and can be killed by overdosage.

The practical use of this discovery is obvious, if new drugs, or suspected poisons may be tested on plants, as the discoverer asserts they may. It also offers further evidence of the close relationship between man and the lower orders of life.

## Bare Feet and Lockjaw.

A reader of this magazine has asked for an explanation of the fact that wounds to bare feet are much more likely to produce

lockjaw than wounds to other parts of the body.

Simply stated, lockjaw develops from foot wounds because the feet come in contact with dirt, and dirt swarms with lockjaw germs. But the manner in which these germs get into the dirt is a recent discovery.

It appears that these germs live and thrive in the intestinal canal of the horse, and are scattered broadcast in the natural excrement. In this manner they are distributed about stables, roads, and fields, and swarm in the dust of roads where there is heavy horse traffic.

Virgin fields are practically free from them, but they abound in well-fertilized garden plots and lawns. This explains why children who run about barefooted on dusty roads, or even cultivated fields, are more likely to be infected than city children playing on well-swept streets.

The passing of the horse from city streets and country highways will eliminate the danger from these sources of infection.

## Granulating Lids—Trachoma.

"Granular eyelids," which were once thought scarcely more harmful than a severe cold, are now known to be the cause of an enormously high percentage of blindness. Eighteen per cent. of all blindness in Russia is due to this disease. One thousand cases a year are treated for it in the Lemberg Hospital. In Japan, 23 per cent. of the recruits are afflicted with it. More than 27 per cent. of our Western Indians are infected with this disease. And even among the white population of this country this condition is responsible for a large proportion of all chronic eye troubles.

The peculiarly distressing feature of trachoma is that it lasts a lifetime if untreated; and even after the victim becomes blind from its effects, his infected lids continue to scatter their contagion broadcast. Children are especially likely to spread the infection through carelessness in rubbing the smarting or itching eyes, and subsequent handling of articles about rooms where there are other children.

It should not be understood that every case of "red lids," or even granular lids, is a case of trachoma. But every inflamed eyelid should be regarded with suspicion until passed upon by an expert. And there should be no delay in seeking this expert opinion; for each day of delay in beginning treatment increases the chances of permanent eye injury.

Absolute cleanliness is the best safeguard against the disease; and this involves such precautions as never rubbing the eye with the finger, or drying the face with a towel that has been used by another person.

## Agar-Agar for Constipation.

Agar-agar, a vegetable gelatin prepared from seaweed in India and Ceylon, and known popularly as "Japanese gelatin," is a valuable remedy in certain forms of constipation. It is a tasteless substance, resembling ordinary gelatin in appearance, which may be used as thickening for soups, or taken in one of a dozen different ways.

When used to correct constipation it acts as a natural laxative by supplying bulk to the contents of the intestine. And it is only effective in cases where this bulk is not supplied by food—that is, where the diet lacks the proper amount of fibrous vegetables. In such cases the agar-agar supplies the quantity of substance which is necessary to normal intestinal movement.

This vegetable gelatin does not act as a food, as it is not absorbed. But even a small quantity swells to several times its original size in the intestines, and thus assists in a purely mechanical way.

Ordinarily a teaspoonful taken at meal-time suffices, but the exact amount should be determined by experiment, as there is no danger of overdosage. It may be mixed with sauces, dishes of stewed fruit, or cereals, or taken in its natural form.

## Locating Bullets with Electricity.

In our Civil War the presence and location of a bullet in a wound had to be determined by probing. But in the present war this ancient method has been replaced by the X-ray.

The X-ray apparatus, however, is neces-

sarily so large and cumbersome that its use is restricted largely to the treatment of battle wounds extending over a distance of miles, therefore, it is quite impractical to utilize this scientific device in emergency cases.

But recently a European inventor has effected a pocket instrument for detecting bullets or metal fragments. It meets all practical requirements. It consists of a pair of telephone receivers attached to a metal plate and connected to a dry cell. To detect the bullet the operator puts the receivers to his ears and holds the metal plate against the skin in the region where the bullet is suspected. If a bullet is in the suspected region, a peculiar sound is heard, which varies in intensity as the plate approaches the bullet, and diminishes as it recedes.

By making his examinations from different places on the body surface the operator is able to locate the bullet with an exactness for surgical purposes. He also determines the character of the bullet, at least to the extent of whether it is a lead shrapnel bullet, or a metal-jacketed rifle bullet. He does this by noting the quality of the sound produced in the instrument; the vibrations produced by steel-jacketed bullets have a pitch than those of lead bullets.

## Foot and Mouth Disease.

Foot and mouth disease is not new to cattle. It may be contracted by humans, and is one of the most distressing and loathsome conditions in the category of ailments.

Its immediate effects are sore mouth, and vesicles or pustules which appear in the skin; but these are only the tangible manifestations of the infection that may produce death.

The persons most exposed to infection are those working about slaughterhouses. But it is strongly suspected that the disease may be conveyed by milk; and the stables, and yards, with which the infected animals have come in contact, may also be sources of infection. The disease is so contagious that it may be contracted by persons working about pens without actually coming in contact with the animals infected.

## Home Treatment of Wounds.

[Civilization and Health:] The proper way of curing an infantile infection is to keep the dirt out of it. It is a difference where this dirt comes from. It is pretty sure to contain germs of some sort. And while fortunately most of them are not actually poisonous, they are of them of any assistance in healing, and it is always best to keep the safe side and keep them out. If done, in eight slight wounds of the sort, thorough washing with hot water, then bandaging with a dressing of a layer of absorbent cotton, will be sufficient to prevent infection. If made by a person who has been used for cutting meat, etc., or by a dirty nail or tool, or by a poisonous antiseptic, like formalin, added to the water, a teaspoonful of one of the numerous powerful antiseptics of hydrogen applied will be sufficient.

## Premonitions.

[Worry and Nervousness:] The premonitions are based upon suggestion, and fear. Premonitions are of a lax mental discipline. To show that the mind is premonition and dominated by dread.

People are more subject to premonitions on dark and dismal days. They are common in the spring and in the autumn, particular form of dread is also common, which the front coach was hit by a bullet, and I noticed that for many years after this accident, passengers studiously avoided the coach. There was an immediate premonition in the number of people who themselves to ride in that car. The seed for suggestion are both produced premonitions.

# The Human

## Physical Education. COURSE OF SYSTEMATIC EXERCISES—LESSON X.

Edward B. Warman, A. M.

Presenting the following exercises appear to be the same except in position, but the preference is about divided. I cannot recommend them too highly. For myself, I take fifty times every morning.

You might get "cold feet" while making a call, possibly are ushered upon a cold day (cool reception) and kept waiting. While so doing why not do the exercise as shown in Figs. 37-38.

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the body erect and perfectly poised, in correct position you will be able to move the toes without being obliged to move the body forward to remove the heels—a very general fault. Put your fingers to the utmost, put each into every individual finger. As you do so you should feel throughout the entire arm, as if the fingers as you rise (Fig. 37.) As though someone was endeavoring to prevent your doing so. You will not be able to tense work without your thought into it. If you wish it still more strenuous—for the calf muscles as you rise—imagine your hand laid upon each shoulder as you rise.

the full height and grip the heels tightly—and then some descend slowly to starting position, lightly on the heels. Opening, open the hands slowly the same resistance as when extending the fingers to the toes.

benefits derived from this exercise are the developing of the calf and the strengthening of the entire arm and the strengthening of the joints and wrist.

wish a systematically-developed calf of the greatest importance when the toes that you rise to the standing floor. This is necessary in order to get the third inner and higher of the calf—the one muscle on the finishing touch from the back of the calf when viewed from the side. One may have a great muscle on the back of the calf, but its appearance—from the side—of the calf, but may, in reality, be as a rail (and as shapely) when viewed from the front or back. It depends upon the point of view. This is worth working for, artistically.

suggest that you do not take ten of the exercise (Figs. 36-37) day; then add ten every day until doing fifty daily.

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# Abuse.

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The persons most exposed to infection are those working about slaughterhouses. It is strongly suspected that the disease is conveyed by milk; and the manure, and yards, with which the infected animals have come in contact, are also sources of infection. The disease is so contagious that it may be contracted by persons working about the animals without actually coming in contact with the animals infected.

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Civilization and Health:] The proper way of curing an inflamed wound is to keep the dirt out of it. It is the difference where this dirt comes from, and how to get it out, that is the key to the cure. And while fortunately most of the dirt is not actually poisonous, they are not of any assistance in the prevention of infection, and it is always best to be on the safe side and keep them out. This can be done in eight slight wounds out of ten, by thorough washing with boiled water or by bandaging with a dressing containing a layer of absorbent cotton, which is impervious to germs. If made by a hand which has been used for cutting meat, cheese, or by a dirty nail or tool, one should use a powerful antiseptic, like formalin, or one of the numerous peroxide or iodine solutions. One of the numerous peroxide or iodine solutions of hydrogen applied full strength.

## Worry and Nervousness.

Worry and Nervousness:] The human mind is based upon suggestion, and fear. Premonitions are suggestive of lax mental discipline, and show that the mind is permeated by fear and dominated by dread. People are more subject to premonitions in the spring and in the fall, and in the form of dread is also suggested by suggestion. I well recall a suburban wreck a few years ago in which the front coach was badly damaged, and I noticed that for months after this accident, the passengers studiously avoided that coach. There was an immediate suggestion of the number of people who would be killed in that car. The suggestion led for suggestion are both suggestive premonitions.

# The Human Body—Its Powers and Their Exercise.

## Physical Education.

### OF SYSTEMATIC EXERCISES—LESSON X.

Edward B. Warman, A. M.

The following exercises are to be the same except in position, because when pupils are in the position between them they do the same, but the preference is about the same. I cannot recommend them too highly. For myself, I do them fifty times every morning.

Fig. 36. Fig. 37. Fig. 38. Fig. 39.

closer observation will reveal the fact of the dissimilarity in the method of taking them. In Figs. 36-37 the weight of the body is lifted every time you rise on your toes; in Figs. 38-39 the same muscles are brought into play without lifting, which same, however, may be equally exercised by tensing, more vigorously, the calf muscles when pushing the ball of the foot forward (Fig. 39.) The advantage, however, of Fig. 38 (sitting) over that of either 36 or 37 (standing), is that of the exercising, developing and strengthening of the shin muscle; the result of which you can see and feel when placing the tips of the fingers over and on the sides of the shin bone when pulling the ball of the foot toward the body (Fig. 38.)

Start the movement as in Fig. 38, hands tightly closed and ball of foot drawn toward body. Reverse the movement by extending the ball of the foot as far as possible, and, simultaneously with that movement, extend the fingers to the utmost (Fig. 39.) Return again to Fig. 38 by tightly closing the hands and, simultaneously with that movement, draw the ball of the foot toward the body.

In both the opening and closing of the hands it should be done slowly as if an effort was being made by someone to prevent the movement; the same with the movements of the feet. Start the movement of the hands and feet with the same impulse, and in no exercise is it more important than in this one to heed the suggestion—as far as you can and then some. Do not lower the legs from start to finish. The exercise should be taken not fewer than ten times the first day, then add ten daily until you are doing fifty each time without stopping.

The benefits will soon be apparent in the development of the entire calf and the entire forearm; the strengthening of the thigh and the strengthening of the upper arm in consequence of the tension; the development of the shin muscle, and the strengthening of the ankle and the wrist joints. And it is one of the best exercises for the general circulation of the blood when taken vigorously and a sufficient number of times—a matter of judgment.

## Elevator Etiquette.

[Ohio State Journal:] There is a discussion in the Philadelphia Public Ledger on the question should a gentleman uncover his head in an elevator where there are ladies? One man favors it firmly; another opposes it utterly, while a third languidly upholds the courtesy act, but thinks it is no more required in an elevator than in a trolley car. Two of the disputants declare there would be no difference of opinion upon this question if the ladies themselves exhibited a gentle demeanor at all times. This they don't always do. Some are the very opposite and these the men remember and are consequently remiss in their courtesy.

Were all real ladies there would be no controversy, for then the natural instinct of a gentleman would be constantly on duty. But the lapses of the women from a kindly recognition of a man's courtesy are so often in mind that he is slow in showing his good manners. But that does not suggest the true rule about this matter. The rule is that a man should defer to a woman because she is a woman, and not because she is perfect in her own conduct. But this deference is made so easy and agreeable when a man sees he has extended it to a sweet and gracious lady. But if she happens to be the other kind, which are so very few.

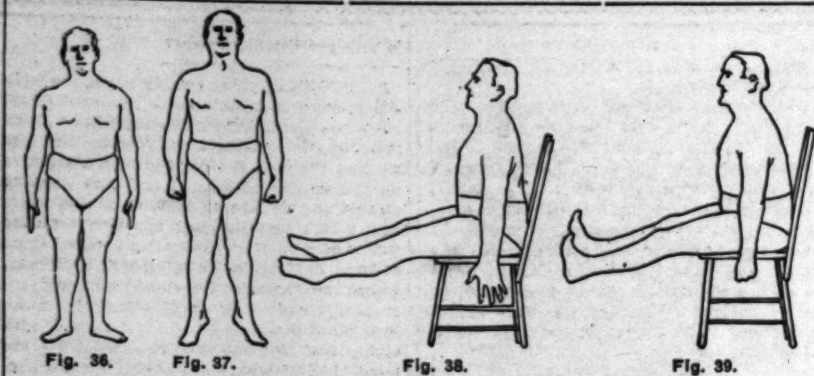


Fig. 36. Fig. 37. Fig. 38. Fig. 39.

## Old-Time Pleasures.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN.)

ranchos, there to await the summons to another wedding and to gossip over the last one.

As I said before, there were many fine musicians among the Americans, and the native talent for music is widely known. Both men and women sang and played. Dona Soledad Indor—a sister to Don Manuel Coronel, and the most conspicuous among the musicians—played the harp delightfully. Dancng parties at her home were a source of delight, as she had a bright way of improvising both music and words in honor of the dancers, which caused much merriment.

These were some of the amusements Angelenos enjoyed in the '50's.

## Physical Fitness.

[Chicago Herald:] The war has emphasized the importance of physical fitness for the work of hostilities. Men are daily rejected because they do not come up to the physical requirements. Even the men accepted must go through much physical training before regarded as ready for the field. Is not now a good time to emphasize the other side of the shield; the importance of physical fitness for the work of peace? Everybody knows this theoretically, but few take the trouble to act on it. They go on the theory that they are entitled to keep their physical fitness in peace without effort and when it goes wrong they imagine something is wrong with the universe. The neglect of physical preparation for doing one's work well in time of peace—particularly in the large cities—is all the more inexcusable because such exercises do not entail a great deal of time or labor. There is hardly anyone who cannot follow out a system that will make his body stronger, his eye clearer, his brain better and his work more valuable.

## Protect the Birds.

[Kendallville News-Sun:] Birds are the chief protectors of our trees. Who ever heard of codling moth and San Jose and other scales when the orchards were full of birds? Now that these feathered helpers have been driven out of wood and field, man is compelled to resort to all sorts of vexatious and difficult struggles against the enemy of fruit and tree.

The birds are the very best destroyers of weeds. Native sparrows, finches, grosbeaks, redpolls, longspurs, cowbirds, mourning doves and similar birds feed hungrily upon the fall weed seeds at a time when the crops have been gathered and they can do no harm to it.

The best helper a farmer can have is a host of birds. But instead of recognizing these efficient helpers, so generously provided by nature, we wantonly slay them by the hundreds for fun.

## Thorn Hedge of Ypres.

[London Chronicle:] The town with the unpronounceable name, Ypres, once proved literally too thorny a problem for English besiegers. When Henry Spencer, Bishop of Norwich, led his troops against it they tried in vain again and again to pierce the mass of thorn bushes that lined the exterior slopes of the ramparts. Hence the image of Notre Dam-de-Thuine, "Our Lady of the Garden," in the Cathedral of St. Martin at Ypres, and also the fair of Thuinag, fixed for the first Sunday in August, in honor of the thorn hedge that saved the city.

## BROOK AND BROOKLETS.

[From "Brain and Brawn," edited by Harry Ellington Brook, N. D., and published in the Chamber of Commerce building, Los Angeles.]

### The Real Enemy.

It will be well when men, instead of seeking to overpower others, strive to conquer the Devil in themselves.

### Moral Effect of War.

In all warring countries children are playing soldier, and learning to kill human beings when they grow up. Cheerful prospect.

### Pure Religion and Undefined.

It seems to me that there is a chance for a revival of the unadulterated doctrine of Jesus, summed up in the Golden Rule. To many it would be a novelty.

### Diet Destroys Nerves.

Fidgeting and fussing are evidences of irritated nerves, due to inflammation of the lining of the stomach, and that is caused by dietetic errors.

### Water As a Remedy.

Few realize the great power of water, applied externally, as in the wet pack. A local bandage worn at night over the loins is wonderfully effective in ailments of the sexual organs, the bowels, kidneys and uterus. It is simple and efficacious, and rejuvenates the whole system.

### Causes of Bad Teeth.

The two chief causes in the decay of the teeth are, first, eating of soft foods, and second, eating foods that are deprived of the mineral calcium, as in the bolting of flour, or the boiling of vegetables. Cleanliness will avail nothing. Rich people who overwork tooth brushes keep dentists busy all the time.

### Tracing Moths' Flights.

[Popular Mechanics:] Unusual methods are being followed by the Department of Agriculture in its attempt to control the spread of army-worm moths in the United States. The plan, which embraces a close study of the habits of the insect, is one which requires the assistance of every person in the Eastern and Central States. The entomologists are catching the moths, coloring one wing of each and then liberating them in order to determine in what direction they migrate, and how quickly and how far they spread. Agents at Portsmouth, Va., are staining one wing of each specimen red; those at Charlottesville, Va., black or yellow, and those at Hagerstown, Md., violet. The moths are then allowed to follow their natural course, and the success of the experiment is left to the advice returned to the bureau of entomology by the people at large.

**HARRY BROOK, N. D.,** former editor Times Health Dept., still teaches how to cure chronic diseases, through dietetic advice by mail. Send for pamphlet. Dr. Brook now edits **BRAIN AND BRAWN**, monthly, one dollar a year, ten cents a copy. Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles.

**DR. FRANK LAMB WILLSON**  
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Nervous and chronic disorders combatted by modern methods of treatment. Eyes scientifically tested. Charges reasonable. 957 West Seventh St. Phone 556939.



# The City and the House Beautiful.

By Ernest Branton.

Gardens, Grounds, Streets, Parks, Lakes.

"Home,

## Landscape Gardening HOW A KNOWLEDGE OF IT IS TO BE ACQUIRED.

THE EDITOR of this department is often in receipt of letters from young men who are looking for an opportunity to study practical landscape gardening, more especially the drawing of landscape and garden plans. Some of these are un-schooled, while others (in the majority) are graduates of colleges, having taken various courses in horticulture, etc. The editor of the Florist's Exchange, a leading trade paper published in New York, has had similar experiences, so wrote to two of the largest correspondence schools in the country. The first replied that they had no specific course on landscape gardening but had courses in surveying, perspective drawing, etc., "which should be of considerable assistance to one who expects to lay out an estate." The second reply reads thus:

"Our course in landscape gardening is intended to give the planters of home grounds some knowledge of the elementary principles of landscape gardening. It was considered by those who started the course that it was impracticable to give any work in drawing. We aim therefore to teach the principles of arrangement by means of text-book and observation. For some time there has been a demand on the part of some of the students who have taken this course, as well as from others, for a more extended course, including work in landscape design. The latter would be rather difficult to teach by correspondence and would also be rather expensive for the mailing of the plans to and from the students, and also for the correction of plans. I have been in doubt as to whether a sufficient number of students could be found to take the course so as to make it pay, and we have not, as yet, undertaken it.

"It seems to me that your correspondent had better take good courses in mechanical drawing and architectural design preparatory to entering a landscape architect's office, where he could probably obtain the instruction in landscape design. The other alternative would be to enter some one of the landscape gardening schools and take a regular course. If he is young, the latter course would certainly be the better one for him to follow."

Neither the science nor the art of landscape planning can be taught by correspondence courses, nor can a student approach the practical part of designing landscapes except through working with some one who makes his living in this profession.

The only institution on the Pacific Coast known to the writer as offering a landscape course is the State University of Berkeley. Here the department corps is headed by Prof. J. W. Gregg, who comes to California from a similar position at the University of Pennsylvania. A letter sent to Prof. Gregg some time ago elicited the information that only elementary work has so far been taken up, inasmuch as the department was instituted but two years ago. Doubtless it is the intention later to give a full four years' course. But even so, that does not answer the questions asked: "Where may I obtain practical experience in drawing landscape designs that are actually carried out?" "Where may I get a chance to help lay out gardens, both large and small, where plans and specifications have been prepared for same?" These questions come from college graduates, as a rule, who wish to arrive at the point where they may earn a living and the universities unfortunately stop short of this in landscape courses. The only solution we see is to have on every faculty either a department head or an instructor, at least one who, in addition to college work in the classroom, practices his profession in the world at large and has demonstrated his ability to make a living thereby. Student classes may then be taken to the grounds for an outlook at the "prospect," assist in preparing the plans and later, if so desired, to aid in the actual laying out of the grounds. They may even visit the sites later to observe the method and manner of planting. They should at least become familiar with the proper disposition of the plants. Students finishing such a course are fitted to begin earning a living the day after graduation.



GIANT YUCCA.

tion, or even before, though they fall of graduation.

### A Desert Giant.

NEAR the northern boundaries of Los Angeles county, not many miles from the town of Lancaster, stand some giant specimens of yucca arborescens, more popularly known as tree yuccas, or the "Joshua Tree." In this locality are immense groves of these huge plants, almost of an extent to warrant the name of forests. The one we illustrate on this page is believed to be the monarch of all. It is sixty-five feet high, with a girth of twenty-three feet at one foot above the level of the plain. This plant surpasses, in both height and girth, any specimen of the giant cactus of Arizona (cereus giganteus) yet discovered. A good idea of the great size of our subject may be obtained by observing the comparatively insignificant height of the human figures standing near the huge trunk. Ralph D. Peck, who "snapped" this tree, states it is the largest he saw in four years' residence in that district.

### Sow Wild Gardens Now.

NOW THAT copious rains have come and the soil is wetted to considerable depth, it is a good time to sow gardens where the sowing is to be broadcast and no subsequent cultivation is contemplated. If such areas have been worked over, weed seeds started and plantlets destroyed, apply seeds at once. If the area is still in a raw state allow the weed seeds time to start, then thoroughly hoe over the surface, allow time for weeds to die and the laggard ones to spring into life, then hoe over again, sow your seeds, rake over and pulverize the surface and let nature do the remainder, for this latter is something in which you cannot render much aid. If one pulling of weeds can be given while plants are very small, from the vantage point of boards laid on the surface, much better results will ensue.

439-439-439

On or before January 1st we remove to our new location in the old Rosslyn Hotel Dining Room at

439 South Main Street

With the greatly increased floor space we expect to be better equipped than ever to care for our growing business.

Morris & Snow Seed Co.

Plant Nursery Stock

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Write for free catalogue.

Claremont Nurseries,

Indian Hill Blvd., Claremont, Calif.

### Where are the Skimmias?

A SCORE of years ago, or more, the writer used to handle some beautiful dwarf holly-like plants known to botanists as Skimmia Japonica. Over a quarter century ago we had them at the old Germain Nurseries on the corner of Fourth and Los Angeles streets and as late as 1899, or fifteen years ago, which was the last experience of the writer as a plant salesman, we handled them at Lyon & Cobbe's, No. 440 South Broadway, where the Parmelee-Dohrmann building now stands. (Note how rapidly the city swallows plant depot sites; the last named, with eighty feet frontage then rented for \$45 per month.) But where are any of these Skimmias now? The leaves are thick, glossy and toothed, like those of the hollies, the scarlet berries are very showy and lasting and the flowers are superior to those of any holly, both in appearance and in fragrance. No plants are for sale here now.

### Beauty of Oleanders.

WHEN ONE wanders back from the coast in California he slowly becomes aware of unusual decorative value to be found in oleanders. In coastal regions they are the one host plant always loaded with black scale, and no others can compare with them in this respect, not even the pepper tree.

But as one journeys inland, where summer heat keeps the black scale down to a comparatively harmless minimum, the oleander is a grand success. In the San Joaquin Valley, at Riverside, San Bernardino and Redlands, it not only makes a rapid-growing, clean shrub, but even rises to the dignity of a small tree. The range of colors, from white to purple, with pinks, reds, crimson, shades of buff and yellow, makes a collection of oleanders most interesting and fully as attractive as any group of ornamental shrubs available for interior planting in California.

Phone: Home A1429.

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ERNEST BRAUNTON, Horticulturist

237 FRANKLIN ST., Cor. N. Bwy.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Will visit you and advise on all problems of gardening.

### A Good Dip or Spray.

IT IS SELDOM that California is affected with any of the bad cases of orthopaedic diseases, but a case of orthopaedic disease, such as a peat on greenhouses, other plants in the East, the Southern States. One large has tried a variety of remedies, the following and has found it useful in all plants attacked. Ivory soap, one pound, dissolved in about three gallons of boiling water, is added four ounces carbolic acid, one quart of Castor oil. When will cool, then dilute in quantity.

### Three Important

We are the agents for

The best Incubators, The best Egg Producers, The best Chick Feed, The best Chick Food, The best Chick Food, The best Chick Food.

Aggeler & Musser  
Main Store, 6th & Alameda  
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### DUTCH BULBS

Our Holland Bulbs have arrived on time. Make your selection early and by appointment. Send for our new catalog containing full directions for planting.

MORRIS & SNOW

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### CALIFORNIA POT

Now is the time to sow California seed. Special offer for one year. A receipt of 25c I will mail you a collection of California seeds, of 9 distinct varieties in season.

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### SEND FOR PRICE LIST HOLLAND BULBS

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FINEST LOT EVER BROUGHT

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## ORANGE LEMON GRAPE FRUIT LIME TREES

WE are digging our citrus stock now and the trees are splendid. We never handled or grew finer trees. They are of large caliber, well branched and free of all insect or fungus pests. We have about 75,000 to dispose of during the coming season which accounts for the low prices at which we are offering them: Oranges, Navel, Valencia; Lemons, Eureka; Grape Fruit; Limes. These are not "cheap" trees. They are first class in every particular but we are overstocked. The trees can be seen any day at our Nursery Salesyard back of the big store.

We also carry a full line of ornamentals, parking and trees, roses and fruit trees. We invite your inspection.

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## THE KT IRRIGATION SYSTEM - Saves Water Land and Labor

This system is not a theory or experiment—but a demonstrated success, of general use all over the Southwest. It provides for a perfect distribution of the exact spot required, and at just the time it is needed. The "KT" Irrigation System in detail. Write for it today.

KELLER-THOMASON CO.

"Originators of the Valve System of Irrigation."

1230 East 28th Street, Los Angeles.

(Ask your Dealer)

### LITTLE HOME PRESENTS.

for Dressing Table. It is not necessary to spend a great deal of money to obtain a rich effect. These covers for the dressing table may be made at small expense and little trouble, yielding the results. A set of gloves, trinket, etc., boxes all to be made, to harmonize with one's scheme of one's room and em- bodied with one's initial or monogram. The light wooden boxes which are made of hard-wood work may be purchased for one quart of Castor oil. When will cool, then dilute in quantity.

the wooden boxes are used, the inside boxes should be stained, and after- may receive a coat of shellac if de- then satin pads filled with sachet should be made to fit the bottom box. The outside covering may be of silk, or striped or flowered silk, or any material. The pieces should be cut of the sides and top, turning in the ma- of round, and using it double to in- better wear. The pieces are then to the box, putting on the top last, may be padded if one wishes to do so. embroidery is finished, of course, be- and the edges of the box may be with a fancy braid of dull gold or which may be either stitched or into place.

York Sun:] The following is an way to make a pretty cap: Cut a cir- cles in inches in diameter, out of dot- ted, or any other material. Put a hem all the way around the cir- cle, and sew narrow lace, an inch or wider, on the outer edge of the hem. about twenty inches of elastic through- out, and fasten. Put a small ribbon on one side. They launder easily, the elastic is removed, as they are not a flat circle.

York Press:] The camisoles, are so necessary for wear with lace and evening gowns, offer excellent opportunities for gift-making. Most attractive camisole may be made easily, cross-tucking it in wide bars. This will be sufficient decoration so that only finish will be a casing for the drawstrings. One may either be a piece of net folded to the top and bottom of the body, or two strips of insertion over- lapping along one side and sewed to the edge of the camisole. The shoulder may be of either lace or ribbon. One may either be a piece of net folded to the top and bottom of the body, or two strips of insertion over- lapping along one side and sewed to the edge of the camisole. The shoulder may be of either lace or ribbon. One may either be a piece of net folded to the top and bottom of the body, or two strips of insertion over- lapping along one side and sewed to the edge of the camisole. The shoulder may be of either lace or ribbon. One may either be a piece of net folded to the top and bottom of the body, or two strips of insertion over- lapping along one side and sewed to the edge of the camisole. The shoulder may be of either lace or ribbon.

Courier-Journal:] Cuff buttons, handkerchiefs, laundry bag, silk socks, satin protector for evening dress, house shoes, gloves, scarfpin are among gifts that may safely be ventured for the man. Such things as pipes and ties are attempted without careful consulta- tion with the man himself.

Philadelphia Press:] A young woman in this city makes her living—and a good one at that—by the sale of "surprise boxes" for children, and are to suit individual tastes. For in- stance, a little girl fond of dolls might find a whole family of paper dolls and furniture enough to furnish a whole household. These boxes afford ideal entertain- ment for youngsters on long journeys, rainy days or convalescence.

San Francisco News:] For bedrooms and in the one-tone style now popular and china sets are to be had—gray, white, blue, green, etc.



# "Home, Sweet Home" - For Wife and Mother. For Daughter and Maid.

## THE HOME DOCTOR.

To Correct Stooping Tendency.

[Maude Kent, M. D., in Modern Priscilla:] This exercise is good for children of all ages, who have a stooping tendency with a throwing out of the shoulder blades. It is also very corrective for women who have fleshy pads on the shoulders and between the upper shoulder bones. Stand erect, feet close together and throw the arms back as far as possible, with the palms forward and keeping the arms level with the shoulders. Hold this position for a few counts. Then clasp the hands at the back of the head with the elbows thrown back as far as you can and walk back and forth with regular strides. Practice this as often as you get a chance and the fat lumps and prominent shoulders will disappear.

## The Cheerful Sick-room.

Pretend you are the patient and arrange the furniture in a way that would please you if you don't happen to know how the patient likes things. If there is a pleasant outlook, put the bed that way, only avoid glaring light effects on windows or white buildings opposite. By all means a favorite picture, flowering plant or posies (not too sweetly fragrant) must brighten the room. Have all medicine or sick-room appliances out of sight.

## CARE OF FURNITURE.

Effective Polish.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] Mix equal proportions of linseed oil, turpentine, vinegar and spirits of wine; shake the mixture well and rub on the furniture with a piece of soft cloth and polish with a clean duster. Vinegar or oil rubbed in with a flannel and the furniture rubbed with a clean duster, produce a very good polish.

## Beeswax for Cracks.

Cracks in furniture should be filled in with beeswax. Soften the beeswax until it becomes like putty, then press it firmly into the cracks and smooth the surface over with a thin knife. Sand paper the surrounding wood, and work some of the dust into the beeswax. This gives a finish to the wood, and when it is varnished the cracks will have disappeared. Putty used in the same way soon dries and falls out.

## HEARTSEASE

Believe in Santa Claus.

[Frank P. Church, in New York Sun:] There is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernatural beauty and wonder beyond.

## God Bless Us Every One.

I like to fancy God, in Paradise, Lifting a finger o'er the rhythmic swing Of chiming harp and song, with eager eyes Turned earthward, listening— The anthem stilled—the angels leaning there Above the golden walls—the morning sun Of Christmas bursting flower-like with the prayer, "God bless us Every One!" —[James Whitcomb Riley.]

## THE PRINCIPAL THING IN

Eye Glasses is the correct fitting and adjusting of the lenses to the exact requirements of the eye to relieve headaches and nerve strain. Oculists, by their longer training, get more accurate results. Dr. Logan's prices are the most reasonable.

C. C. LOGAN, M.D., Oculist and Optician Post Graduate Chicago, Paris and Vienna. 442 (13) South Spring Street

## QUEZON'S NOTION.

There is one person in Washington who declares that the reports are fictitious, created for the purpose of defeating action on the Jones limited independence measure now in the Senate.

## WASHINGTON.

Prominent Republicans and Senators are advocating a platform for the strengthening of the Monroe doctrine as an issue for the next campaign.

## day the Mexican chaos

is worse than obsolete theory of political economy, at any time since Madero was assassinated.

## REFUS

Question President Post What do Nothing Territory.

## WASHINGTON

United States late hour no notification American consul to Belgium, obtain new order of authority. U communicated examined, high official government determine a coup. Officials have involved as of and would say study various pressing a decision. In reply to to the status President Wilson would, of course Minister to he left the country. Mr. Whitlock dealing unofficial military authority to the Belgian government is at Havre, France. CONSUL The status of are given specific to exercise their sent a more commission has been no general the past on this fact, but the terms "occupied" definition adopted reference of 1899. States as well countries of the by that definition garbled as "occupied" placed in the authority of the occupation only territories where the lished and in closed. Under that d

## RE.

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# The Ancient Celt in Polynesia.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWELVE.)

a wee drapple o' the real mountain dew and, clinking glasses, toasted each other with a twinkle o' the e'e and a discreetly repressed "Hoot, mon!" Our blood brotherhood was eternally sealed!

So I was not surprised when next morning a group of Teva youths, at the prompting of their chief, elected me, their brother Celt, as a sub-chief of the clan. On this memorable occasion I donned the kilt and plaid of the Tahitians, and, in default of a true Highland bonnet or even a make-shift Tam o' Shanter, was crowned with flowers—as the picture that accompanies this letter-press faithfully records.

They had the true Celtic spirit, those Teva boys, who had vowed, should events ever demand, to defend me with their wooden spears and fish-bone skean-dhus. After the ceremony one of them climbed a coconut tree to serve me with a cooling drink. In his descent he happened to fall nearly twenty feet, landing right on his head. But the gathered coconut still firmly grasped in his hand, he arose and smiled, simply murmuring in soft Tahitian: "A tira ia; te pou atu nei, a hoi au!"—words which Tati Salmon translated for me as meaning: "Never mind; I was coming down in any case." The true philosophic spirit of the Scot, making even in misfortune the best of things—a trait of racial character preserved like a fly in amber through unnumbered ages! No bronzed skin could henceforth hide from me the hall-mark of Celtic ancestry. The complexion's but the guinea stamp; the Celt's a Celt for a' that.

Adieu, adieu, O beautiful Tahiti! Iorana—may I hear thy sweet melodious greeting yet again! But meanwhile I must away on my ethnological researches. It was the Tahitians who, 500 years ago, accomplished in their war canoes the long voyage to New Zealand and there established the Maori race of today. So Maoriland is my next objective, and once more I am aboard an ocean liner.

The Maoris were old friends of mine—twenty years previous I had made their acquaintance and journeyed through their wonderful land of volcanoes and geysers, deep-fissured fjords and eternally snow-capped mountains, forests primeval, cascading rivers, island bejeweled lakes and smiling agricultural plains. But this time I had a mission among them—I was going to prove our common Celtic ancestry, to their own satisfaction, to mine, and to that of the whole scientific world.

Again, as in Tahiti, I found the ancient clan system of Scotland well preserved, with hereditary chiefs and communal property in land. There had been, up to the recent times of British rule, the old clan feuds and the old clan fighting, the plundering, ravaging, pig-riveling and so on. The Maoris, like all true Celts, had been "bonnie fighters" both among themselves and against the Sasanach when the latter attempted to interfere. Now, as in other civilized Celtic communities, peace reigns amongst them. But their weapons, though no longer in use, have great ethnographical interest. For the deadly short spear of the Maori, a broad double-edged blade of elaborately carved hardwood, used invariably as a two-handed sword, is practically identical with the old Highland claymore, while the Maori battle-axe, although fashioned in wood, are exact replicas of those wielded by Wallace, the Black Douglas, and other Scottish chiefs of fighting renown—jealously guarded historic relics in the national museums of the British Isles.

The Scottish kilt, too, was the national dress of the Maoris, and is still today in general use among the oldest members of the race, of a style that is even closer to the original than in Tahiti—a true skirt of flax or reeds, reaching to the knees, often worn with a little grass basket suspended from the waist, this last obviously a surviving trace of the sporran. Then again, while the natives of New Zealand have no bagpipes, and have even lost the imitation drone which I heard at Papara, they have surpassed their Tahitian progenitors by skillfully reconstructing the chanter, a short reed-like instrument on which they play tunes distinctly reminiscent of "The Cock o' the North" and "The Laird of Cockpen." Then as to their dances—I have only to point to the accompanying photograph to show the sword dance of Scotland faithfully preserved to this day by the descendants of Caledonian blood in Maoriland.

A magnificent race, these modern Maori Celts of New Zealand, tall, broad-shouldered, handsome, brave and generous, redoubtable

warriors in the old days but showing themselves capable now of absorbing all the benefits of the highest civilization. For we find Maori doctors, Maori lawyers, Maori members of Parliament, Maori orators who are veritable spell-binders, and Maori farmers who run their own automobiles, have telephones installed in their homes, and shear their sheep by electric-driven machinery. In point of fact the Celtic-Tahitian stock, which in the languorous atmosphere of tropical Polynesia shows a tendency to effeminacy, has here regained its pristine vigor and virility; the rigors of the New Zealand winter, the rain-laden ocean winds, the Scotch mists that so frequently envelop both hill and dale, all reproducing the conditions of the far-away northern clime where the ancient Maori race was cradled.

I had spent several weeks among the Maoris, studying their manners and customs, their languages and folklore, and in return industriously imparting to them my theory as to their Celtic origin. The white settlers of New Zealand are largely Scottish, and the Maoris received with quick perception my scientific demonstration of the fact that the two races, whites and aboriginals, living today in relations of mutual esteem and fraternal affection, are not merely brother owners of the soil, brother builders of a proud colonial dominion, brothers in their devoted loyalty to a common Empire, but brothers in a still fuller meaning of the word—brother Celts by right of a common ancestry. Celts one and all despite the disparity in the color of their skins. And when the full significance of my profound ethnological discovery came to be realized there was great rejoicing in Maoriland. An old-time native feast was organized at the village of Ohinimutu on the shore of beautiful Lake Rotorua, and to do full honor to the occasion the Maoris, old and young, donned their ancient garb of flax kilts and feather plaids. And after full justice had been done to haggis, oatcakes, and other appropriate delicacies, a Maori Celtic club was formed at which I had the proud honor of delivering the inaugural address. One of the pictures that illustrate this article records the historic scene—an official interpreter seated in the midst of my Maori audience so that not a word of the proceedings might be lost by the older natives, some of whom, like many Gaelic-speaking Scots and Irish in the ancestral homelands, had not yet condescended to an acquaintance with the English tongue.

But the best of friends must part. It was my last day among the Maoris, and I was taking my last stroll along the lake front at Ohinimutu, enjoying the bright sunshine and the tang of frost in the keen morning air. I had paused to gaze in lingering farewell on the islet of Mokoia standing out, clear-cut as a cameo, from the blue surface of the waters—the romantic little isle to which in times gone by the Celtic maiden Hinemoa swam in quest of her Celtic lover Tutanekei while, as the legend tells, he guided her through the darkness of the night by piping a pibroch on his chanter. These things I was pondering when someone plucked me by the elbow.

"Kiora." And a hand was extended to supplement the Maori word that serves both for greeting and for parting. It was a rather grimy paw. But I took it and gave a friendly pressure. For Jimmy—he had a long Maori name, but we called him Jimmy for short—although somewhat of an old reprobate, interested me. Even in his bibulous moments his invariable choice of drinks proved a strong strain of Celtic heredit—It was always Scotch whisky he craved and asked for.

"Kamarach an dhu"—I handed him back the Gaelic salutation, and it sounded like mighty good Maori, at least to my ears. And the old man seemed to understand it all right, for he promptly responded.

"Scotch whisky." Then he judiciously added the medicinal plea: "Jimmy very cold." And indeed his teeth were chattering, from real or assumed chilliness I could not tell.

According to habit I proceeded to improve the opportunity from a philological point of view by rattling off a few Celtic equivalents of the word the native had used, on the off-chance that one or another might arrest his attention and thereby guide me to some surviving Maori derivative.

"Whisky, Jimmy, you are wanting? Usquebaugh—poteen—the craytur."

A gleam of intelligence suffused the old man's tattooed countenance.

"Yes; the craytur; Jimmy know that—craytur."

In my scientific excitement I slipped into his extended palm a shilling instead of a threepenny bit.

"The craytur, Jimmy? What does that mean?" I questioned eagerly.

"Tarawera," he replied, pointing across country. And my gaze automatically followed his to a truncated mountain dome on the far horizon.

Pshaw! Tarawera, the extinct volcano that some thirty years ago destroyed the famous Pink and White Terraces! A crater, of course—only a few days before I had stood on its brink and gazed down into its cavernous depths. I had made a bad linguistic miscue this time, and lost ninepence, for my Celtic brother in carved mahogany was already rapidly disappearing along the bee-line to the nearest public-house.

Half smiling, I was puzzling over the possible connection between fire water and fire mountain, the craytur of Ould Ireland and the crater of Tarawera. And such is the association of ideas and sounds that Lestrangeway found myself humming Tom Moore's sweet and plaintive melody, "The harp that once through Tara's halls." Then suddenly my heart stood still.

Tara and Tarawera! This was no random coincidence. "Tara," Ireland's sacred hill, and "wera," which in the Maori language I knew meant "burned to ashes." With my returning heart bumps there came the proud glow of victory. Yet another connecting link between Celtic and Polynesian nomenclature! After all, that surplus ninepence had not been spent in vain!

And I waved after Jimmy a last, a grateful, almost a fond Kiora.

My line of investigations next pointed to the aboriginals of Australia. During previous travels, in several different parts of the island continent I had encountered wandering groups of natives. I already knew them to be a doomed and dying race. But even a degenerate Scot or Irishman comes within the purview of scientific research. So from Auckland I took ship for Sydney, thence coasted north to the York Peninsula. For it was in the backblocks remote from civilization that I stood the best chance of encountering the finest surviving specimens of their kind.

I was well rewarded even in the negative results obtained. For here I discovered the absolute and final extinction of the kilt, the claymore, the bagpipes, and almost everything else that had come to these benighted savages of the bush from their pre-historic Celtic ancestors. Instead of progression there had been retrogression all down the ages. Elsewhere I had seen the ruddy and freckled complexion of Caledonian or Hibernian modified by climate—in Tahiti to a delicate cocoa-with-cream, in New Zealand to a richer chocolate-straight. But here it had been absolutely transformed into black—into the ebony black of the devil himself, uncompromising and unredeemed by features which by any stretch of the imagination could be called pleasing to look upon. In mid-Australia the arid wilderness had baked the Celtic clay to a cinder.

I passed several weeks among different tribes, and need give only the briefest summary of my observations. Musical instrument they had none. The broad claymore had dwindled down to an insignificant nulla-nulla or pointed throwing stick, and the good old targe of ancient Ireland and Scotland into a paltry oval shield no bigger than a soup tureen. The undoubted skill with which the black fellows hunted kangaroos and wallaby proved the inheritance of deer-stalking craft from remote Caledonian progenitors. The fact, too, that among them a red-headed man is sacred and revered almost as a god, may be taken as a lingering trace of ancestral worship, for the cranium of the typical primeval Celt, like those of many Scottish Highlanders today, was thatched with locks of vivid carotey hue.

I witnessed numerous corroborees, but only in one solitary instance did I find any affinity to Irish jig or Scottish reel; in this case there was a vague but unmistakable suggestion of the reel of Tallochgorm, with a loud "hooch" at intervals that brought back to me, seated there in the moonlit bush amid these naked and clay-bedaubed savages, memories of the terpsichorean gymnastics at a Braemar gathering or a Hogmanay night Caledonian Club ball. And this same tribe, I ascertained, used the Scottish "aye, aye" for "yes," an interesting but meager linguistic survival.

I have called them "naked, clay-bedaubed savages." Yes; the truth must be confessed. To such stark nudity the degraded Celt has come at last. The noble garb of old Gael, the beautiful plaid patterns of Gordons or Macleods, here survived only as streaks of red, yellow and white ochres. The kilt had reached almost the vanishing point—a mere belt of woven human hair or twisted opossum skin worn around the loins for the carrying of a sufficient stock of boomerangs, their favorite

weapon both of war and of the chase. My camera blushed at the deplorable actual state of everyday life and purpose of the picture which I drew with a few pendant eucalyptus twigs. So here I draw the veil.

But one last word—about the boomerang. Yes, those ignorant blacks of Australia doubtfully know something about it, and air pressures to which not even Krupp with his big guns or Mauser with his monoplane can aspire. Every time, I have watched them send the crescent of polished hardwood straight to its mark, made it soar in wide, ascending curves cushioned and gliding on the air, moment whirling round and round, little windmill, then finally falling in the direction of the thrower with a dull thud on the sand or feet. Here was something completely new, only after deep cogitation that I found a satisfactory explanation.

The boomerang was an old Celtic weapon whose use as such by the Celts of the era hemisphere is lost in the remotest antiquity. Ages ago Celtic warriors brought it south to Australia, and has survived among their descendants in its primitive form and adapted to its primitive purposes. But among the Scots and Ireland the boomerang was forgotten and the name was lost. In course of time the boomerang became a lost art, throwing it became a lost art, the boomerang survives in civilized times only as a coat-hanger. The story is told by my final picture, taken Australian bush at the very moment comparing coat-hanger with boomerang arrived at this crowning and logical deduction.

[Tit-Bits:] Lady: Is this a dog?

Dealer: Pedigreed! Why, it could talk he wouldn't speak to other dogs!

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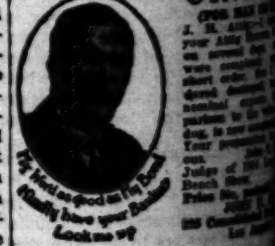


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### GOOD LITTLE POEMS.

#### The Peace-Pact.

They were foes as they fell in that frontier  
They were friends as they lay with their  
heads unbound,  
At the dawn of their last morning—  
In silence all, save a shuddering  
Sigh from the souls of the dying that rose  
To the heart of the one to the other cried,  
"Why they drew, and their arms en-  
folded—  
Will be no war on the Other Side."

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one to the other, "I faint from  
pain."  
The other made answer, "What drops  
from thy water-flask thou shalt surely  
find."  
The flask the other replied,  
"I will be no war on the Other Side!"

When the night were deep  
And never through all their veins was  
Blood,  
Visions were theirs (yet not from  
fear),  
Each was flown to his own loved  
One,  
Sighing again, one murmured, "Thy  
brother—naught shall divide;  
What went wrong . . . but un-  
dreaded,  
Will be no war on the Other Side."

ENVOL  
Of peace, we can give but our  
Lives,  
Which on the waste of the human  
World,  
One cry so haunts my ears—  
"Will be no war on the Other Side!"  
—W. H. Thomas in New York Times.

The Cricket and the Moon.  
A country far across the ocean,  
Many years ago,  
A strutting minstrel boy with only  
A stick and bow,  
A suit of rusty black he wandered  
Down to town by day,  
And beneath the stars in open mead-  
ows of fragrant hay.

He was on the rose,  
And his side unfolded  
A scent of scented snows.  
He drew her from her downy pillow,  
And the curtain stir,  
And upon him through the open lat-  
tice for love of her.

A suit of rusty black he wanders  
Through gardens old,  
And beneath some dark and lonely  
Angled ivies fold.  
His eyes are mournful and the bow is  
Out of tune,  
His high-born lady far above him  
Out, the silver moon.

—Edna Irving, in Poetry Journal.

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# Products of the Poets and Humorists.

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[Tribune:] Lady: Is this a poem?  
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pital supplies,  
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Call on the  
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### And the Moon.

Many far across the ocean,  
you see,  
singing minstrel boy with only  
of low,  
and rusty black he wandered  
is torn by day,  
though the stars in open mead-  
of fragrant hay.

On the rose,  
he lay at his side unfolded  
and misty snows.  
her from her downy pillow,  
the certain stir,  
him through the open lan-  
the two of her.

of rusty black he wanders  
and grows old,  
mouth some dark and lonely  
lives fold.  
are mournful and the bow is  
are out of tune,  
the high-born lady far above him  
the silver moon.

in Poetry Journal.

## Poetry From the Soil.

[New York Sun:] A State song for Ar-  
kansas, part of whose lines apply to the  
profitable farming campaign, has been com-  
posed by Lindsay Reese. Mr. Reese has  
tilled the soil all his life—for more than  
half a century—and his constant and close  
association with the fields and the woods  
has led him to write a number of poems  
and songs of farm and home that ring true  
and reach the heart.

'Mid thy fertile hills and valleys,  
Arkansas, Arkansas;  
We will hold a thousand rallies,  
Arkansas, Arkansas;  
So now don't you understand  
Why you'd better join our band;  
You can help us sweep the land,  
Arkansas!

O your climate is so charming,  
Arkansas, Arkansas;  
But diversify your farming,  
Arkansas, Arkansas;  
You'll have lots to eat and wear,  
With your pantries never bare,  
And the world your bounty'll share,  
Arkansas!

For these sayings we beg pardon,  
Arkansas, Arkansas;  
"Raise a cornfield and a garden,"  
Arkansas, Arkansas;  
And your State will be a star,  
With a fame no tongue can mar,  
And your name will spread afar,  
Arkansas!

We will sing your wondrous story,  
Arkansas, Arkansas;  
You will be the nation's glory,  
Arkansas, Arkansas;  
You will come into your own,  
And be praised wherever known,  
And the world your greatness shown,  
Arkansas!

## All Through the Night.

When looking into two blue eyes  
Which gaze straight back at you,  
When watching red lips curve and pout,  
What else could mere man do?  
Her golden hair lay on my breast,  
My arm embraced her waist,  
Her little hand within my grasp  
In confidence was placed,  
And I, fresh from the teacher's art  
In tango and maxixe,  
Trod all the very latest steps  
With skill the tyro seeks,  
I lame-ducked first with whirl and dip,  
Then when I saw a tear  
Upon my darling's cheek I changed  
And waltzed the little dear.  
The clock struck "one," the clock struck  
"two,"  
My strength was almost spent,  
Still through the mazes of the dance  
Unflinchingly I went;  
Until, at last, into her face  
I took a stealthy peep  
And found, oh, joy, my little babe  
At last had gone to sleep.  
—[H. S. H., in New York Sun.]

The Starling on the Wire.  
Without my easement's leaden panes,  
As though its throat would never tire,  
In plaintive, pleading, eager strains,  
A starling sings upon a wire.  
December's rude and bitter flaw  
Ruffles the feathers of its breast,  
And yet it sings as though it saw  
In June its leaf-sequestered nest.

The lyric burden bears me far,  
And, like the bird, I seem to see  
Beyond the city walls that bar  
The meadow's golden greenery;  
The stream that cleaves it like a blade,  
The pastures where sleek cattle browse,  
And fruitful sanctities of shade  
Beneath the drooping apple boughs.  
I catch the spicy scent of mint,  
And down the drowsy wind that blows  
Is borne, a dreamy Orient hint,  
The attar of the wilding rose.

O starling, with your magic dower,  
Sing on, a blessing and a boon.  
You clothe the world in flower;  
You turn December back to June.  
—[Clinton Scollard, in New York Sun.]

## HUMOR.

[Philadelphia Ledger:] "So you don't like  
living in the country? What do you miss  
most since moving out of town?"  
"Trains."

[Judge:] Greene: Are there any really  
indestructible toys?  
Gray: None that I know of, except those  
that make an infernal noise.

[Boston Transcript:] Maud: Have you  
given Jack any opportunities to propose?  
Betty: Yes, but I couldn't tell him they  
were opportunities.

[Life:] She: Didn't you think the peo-  
ple at Mrs. Gander's reception were all ex-  
tremely dull?  
"Yes. But, you know, it was authors' day."

[Chicago News:] Hicks: Too bad they  
put you on the night shift permanently.  
Wicks: Oh, I don't know. By workin'  
nights I'll save my room rent and by sleepin'  
days I'll save my board.

[New York Globe:] Maxie: Artie, where  
are we going on our honeymoon?  
Artie: Around the world, darling. They  
are going to give it in seven reels at the  
corner picture show.

[Kansas City Journal:] "My wife hopes  
to make us all rich in time."  
"How so?"  
"She saw mining stock advertised a one  
cent a share and she invested a nickel."

[Philadelphia Bulletin:] English Visitor:  
Did you ever know of an American having  
an old family servant?  
American Hostess: Of course. Why, I  
have a cook that has been with me over a  
month.

[St. James' Gazette:] An Alaskan pio-  
neer was telling how crowded a certain ship  
was during the gold rush. One day a man  
came up to the captain and said:  
"You will have to get me some place to  
sleep."  
"Where have you been sleeping?"  
"Well," the passenger replied, "I have  
been sleeping on a sick man, but he's get-  
ting better now and he won't stand it."

[Brooklyn Eagle:] Mr. Pester: If this  
isn't the most daring, outspoken play on the  
stage, I'd like to see the one that is!  
Mrs. Pester: Doubtless you would.

[Judge:] Mamie: That Mrs. Flipp is a  
great matchmaker, isn't she?  
Tessie: I used to think so until she  
bought her red-haired husband a purple neck-  
tie.

[Detroit Free Press:] We've been mar-  
ried eight years and have never had an  
argument.  
"Then you've never tried to dance any of  
the modern dances with your wife."

[Tokyo Puck:] Servant: Tomorrow is  
Sunday. May I get up a little later than  
usual?  
Mistress: Why, certainly. Only you  
should turn on the hands of the clock before  
you go to bed.

[Washington Star:] "We must admit that  
the cost of living is rather high," said the  
campaign adviser.  
"Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "we  
must do something with the money. We  
can't buy votes with it any more."

[New York Mail:] Ray Rohn, the artist,  
appeared at the Pay-as-You-Enter Club the  
other day smoking a cigarette in a holder  
nearly a foot long.  
"What's all this?" someone asked him.  
"Did the doctor tell you to keep away from  
cigarettes?"

[Pittsburgh Post:] "You learn much by  
travel."  
"How now?"  
"The streets of Boston surprised me. They  
are just like the streets of other cities."  
"Why not?"  
"I thought streets in Boston had Latin  
names."

[Cincinnati Times-Star:] Little Laura:  
Are you going to give me a birthday present,  
Aunt Mary?  
Aunt Mary: Yes, dear. What would you  
like to have?  
Little Laura: Oh, any old thing—just so  
it isn't useful.

[Kansas City Journal:] "Bud," said the  
editor of a Southwestern journal.  
"Yesir."

"Go out among the wigwags and see if  
you can't pick up a few society items.  
There's no reason why we should neglect our  
Indian subscribers."

[London Tit Bits:] An English colonel, at  
kit inspection, said to Private Flanagan:  
"Ha! Yes, shirts, socks, flannels, all very  
good. Now, you can assure me that all the  
articles of your kit have buttons on them?"  
"No, sir," said Private Flanagan, heat-  
tating.  
"How's that, sir?"  
"Ain't no buttons on the towels, sir!"

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keeps the water deliciously  
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The total number of machines owned and operated daily by persons residing in the city of Los Angeles is in excess of 40,000. Total registrations in California are more than 122,000.

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## SUNDAY MORNING

### THE TERROR IN MEXICO.

*Gutierrez Admits  
He is Powerless.*

*Pathetic Appeal to  
Stop Reign of Murder  
and Execution.*

*Villa and Zapata Quarrel as  
to Whose Enemies Shall  
be Slain First.*

*Scott Prevails upon the  
Factions to Withdraw  
from Our Border.*

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)  
MEXICO CITY, Dec. 25.—Provisional President Gutierrez issued a circular tonight to all generals and chiefs of the convention, ordering them in most explicit terms to stop all summary executions for whatever offense. A copy of the circular was sent to Gen. Villa and Gen. Zapata.  
The provisional President's secretary gave out an interview authorized by the Chief Executive, in which he stated that Gen. Villa, objected to the order as unnecessary, because Villa had to run down "the assassins" and punish them. Two rival conventions are in the field and three rival governments are struggling for accession to power. The statement of the secretary of the provisional President said: "There is some central authority to be recognized in the very near future. The most serious crisis in the history of Mexico soon will be reached."  
(Continued on Fourth Page.)

## THE WORLD'S NEWS IN 200

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